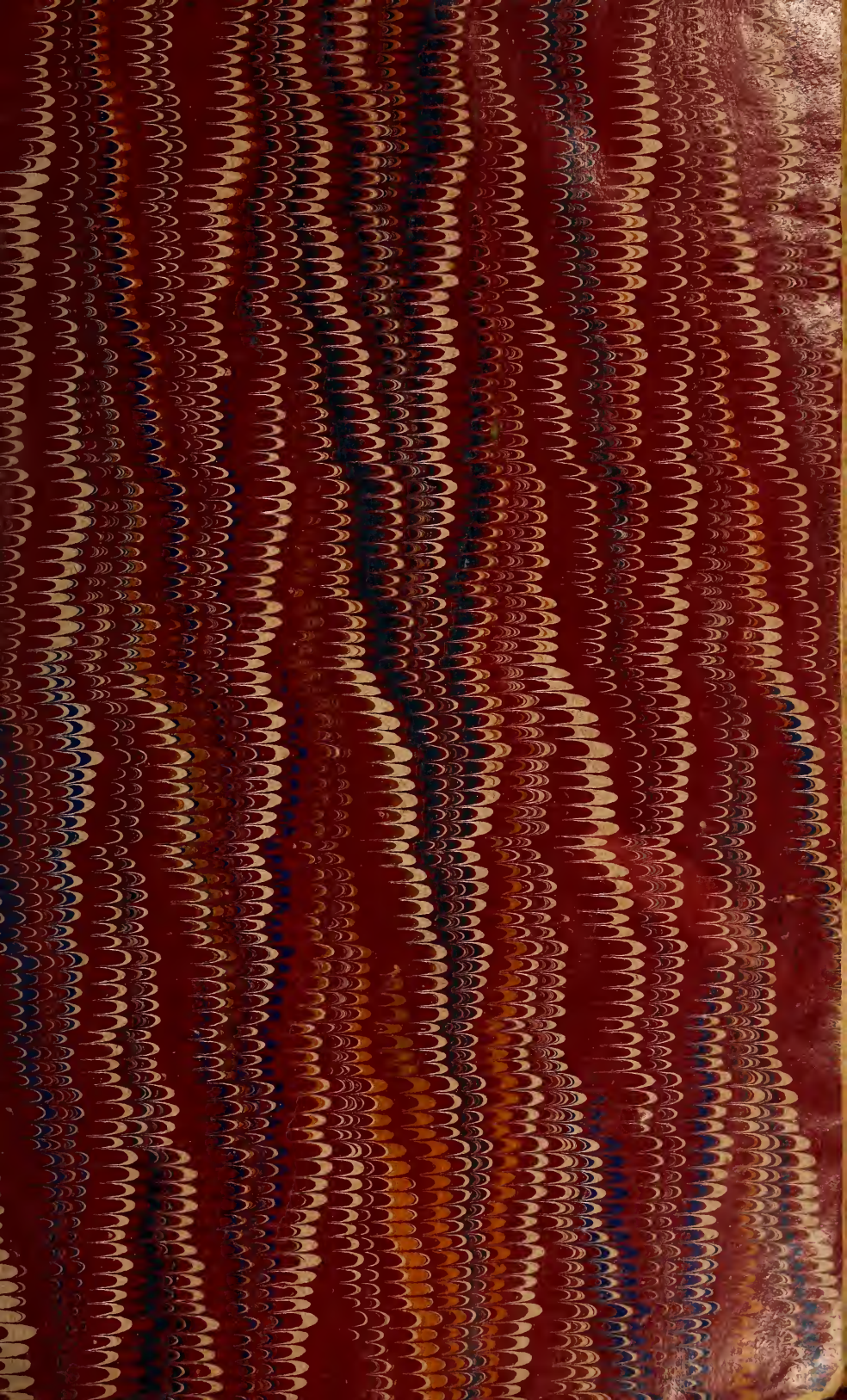


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









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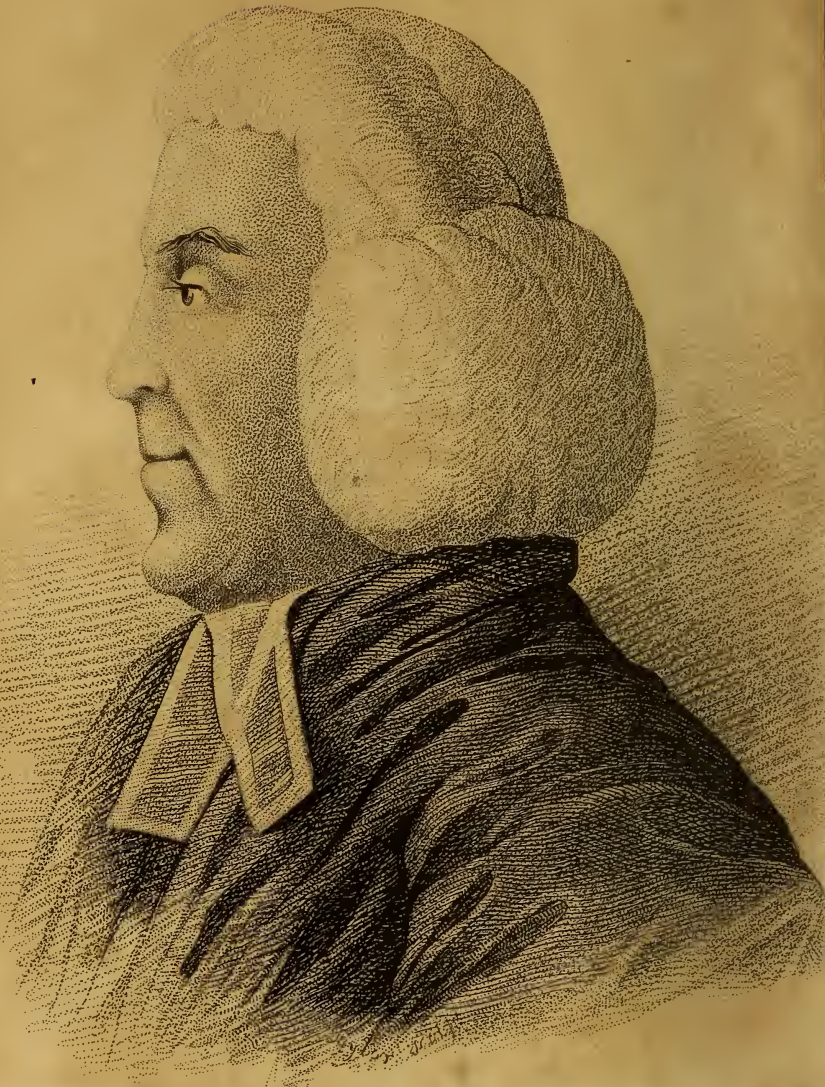
LIFE

OF THE

AUTHOR OF THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.







J U N I U S
James Wilmot, DD

Published as the Act directs, June 4th 1813, by M^o D. W. Sares.

JUNIUS.
James Wilmot, D.D.
Fellow of Trinity College,
 OXFORD.



*A Shelburne, Chatham, and a Camden too,
 Each future period shall enraptur'd view:
 Our WILMOT'S name will alth nobly live,
 And patriot precepts to the unborn give,
 'Till thrones and empires each dissolve away,
 And all approach the great, the awful day,
 When God supreme his anger'd Scepter wields,
 And claims that truth on earth oppression shields.*

THE
L I F E

OF THE

Author of the Letters of Junius,

THE

REV. JAMES WILMOT, D. D.

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD, RECTOR
OF BARTON-ON-THE-HEATH, AND AULCESTER,
WARWICKSHIRE, AND ONE OF HIS
MAJESTY'S JUSTICES OF THE
PEACE FOR THAT
COUNTY.

WITH PORTRAIT, FAC SIMILES, &c.

BY HIS NIECE

Wm. OLIVIA (WILMOT) SERRES.

Anima legis ratio.

LONDON:

Sold by E. WILLIAMS, Bookseller to the Duke and Duchess
of York, No. 11, Strand; JOHN WALKER, No. 44, Pater-
noster Row; and JOHN HATCHARD, No. 190, Piccadilly.

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TO
THE MOST NOBLE
THE MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD,

&c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

Honored by your Lordship's permission, and impressed with sentiments of the most profound respect, I presume to dedicate to your Lordship, the Life of the Author of
THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS, whose father, at
a 3

DEDICATION.

the battle of Blenheim, fought with your Lordship's brave and illustrious ancestor, the great Duke of Marlborough, humbly participating in the glorious triumphs of that transcendent victory!

Could the spirit of the departed JUNIUS revisit this nether world, with how much satisfaction would he behold his once favorite Niece enjoying the favor of that patronage your Lordship has so kindly condescended to bestow!

That the Fine Arts, and every branch of Polite Literature, may long have to acknow-

DEDICATION.

ledge your Lordship's fostering patronage, is
the earnest prayer of,

My Lord,

your Lordship's

most obedient,

most respectful,

and very humble servant,

OLIVIA WILMOT SERRES.

London, June, 1813.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE memory of JUNIUS will ever be dear to the recollection of Englishmen. The noble and patriotic lessons he has bequeathed to posterity will rouse the energies, and animate the conduct of his countrymen to the latest period of time. As a near relation of Dr. WILMOT, I address you, respectfully entreating your patronage and protection for this publication; and, I doubt not, I shall experience your con-

sideration and forbearance, as to the many errors, which the work may be found to contain. It is not offered to you as a finished composition, but as an humble essay to which your fostering care, will afford the desired success, and your approving smile will be a source of never-failing gratification to the niece of Junius.

Permit me to impress it on your remembrance, that the Editor of this work writes not from the inducement of personal vanity, or the excitement of presumptuous conceit.—No; she addresses you with a more interesting feeling. It is the portraiture of a beloved uncle, which she exhibits to your contemplation, and presents for your acceptance, with the utmost diffidence and respect. The niece of Dr. Wilmot has endeavoured, most faithfully to

delineate the character, and to narrate the opinions of a man, whose loss is, now more than ever, to be deplored. She presents her picture; decorated in the simplest manner, trusting to the opinion, liberality, and justice of a discerning and generous public. Her sole pretension consists in being the relative of a patriot, whose fame will live until time shall be no more; and whose exertions have raised him a monument in the hearts of his countrymen, more durable than trophies erected by the hand of man.

The Editor is aware, that her assertions may create much opposition: but, at a future period, she may again address you more explicitly; when some additional evidences shall be disclosed to the world,

to substantiate the reality of that claim she now makes in the behalf of her late uncle, and to convince you that he was the Author of the Letters of Junius.

It was ever the study of Dr. Wilmot to advance in life with the most scrupulous integrity. The man of honour never betrays the confidence of his friends. In every situation, he is guided by no mean nor selfish views; but endeavours to promote the happiness of his fellow-men, by every means in his power: so did Junius labor to serve the community. His reward was self-gratification. His mind soared above all praise, because he conceived he was performing a duty imposed upon him. The man who could write so nobly, so fearlessly, for the benefit of his country-

men, must indeed have possessed a great, a capacious soul, devoted to the superior attainments of truth and probity.

Persons may interestedly endeavour to fabricate the most superior publications for your acceptance. But, as Lord Bacon, in his celebrated Essays, observes, “ Truth
“ will maintain her excellencies ; the
“ brightest day is her satisfaction ; she
“ delights not in the studies of deceptive
“ obscurity, or the unfathomable depths
“ of oblivious concealment ; her ways are
“ frankness, sincerity, and courage, al-
“ though her altars may be violated by
“ power, and its various concomitants.”

A female is, at best, a baby in the republic of literature ; her inexperience, her want of opportunity for research possessed by the other sex, place her in a

different situation to those accustomed to scholastic refinements. By venturing to come before you, she is aware she will have many disputants to combat, whose gigantic power she tremblingly acknowledges, and whose criticisms she respectfully deprecates.

The chief inducement the Editor has in thus intruding herself on your notice, proceeds from the great anxiety she feels that the character of Dr. Wilmot should be made known, and that she might be enabled to impress more deeply on the remembrance of Englishmen, the abilities and integrity of their Junius.

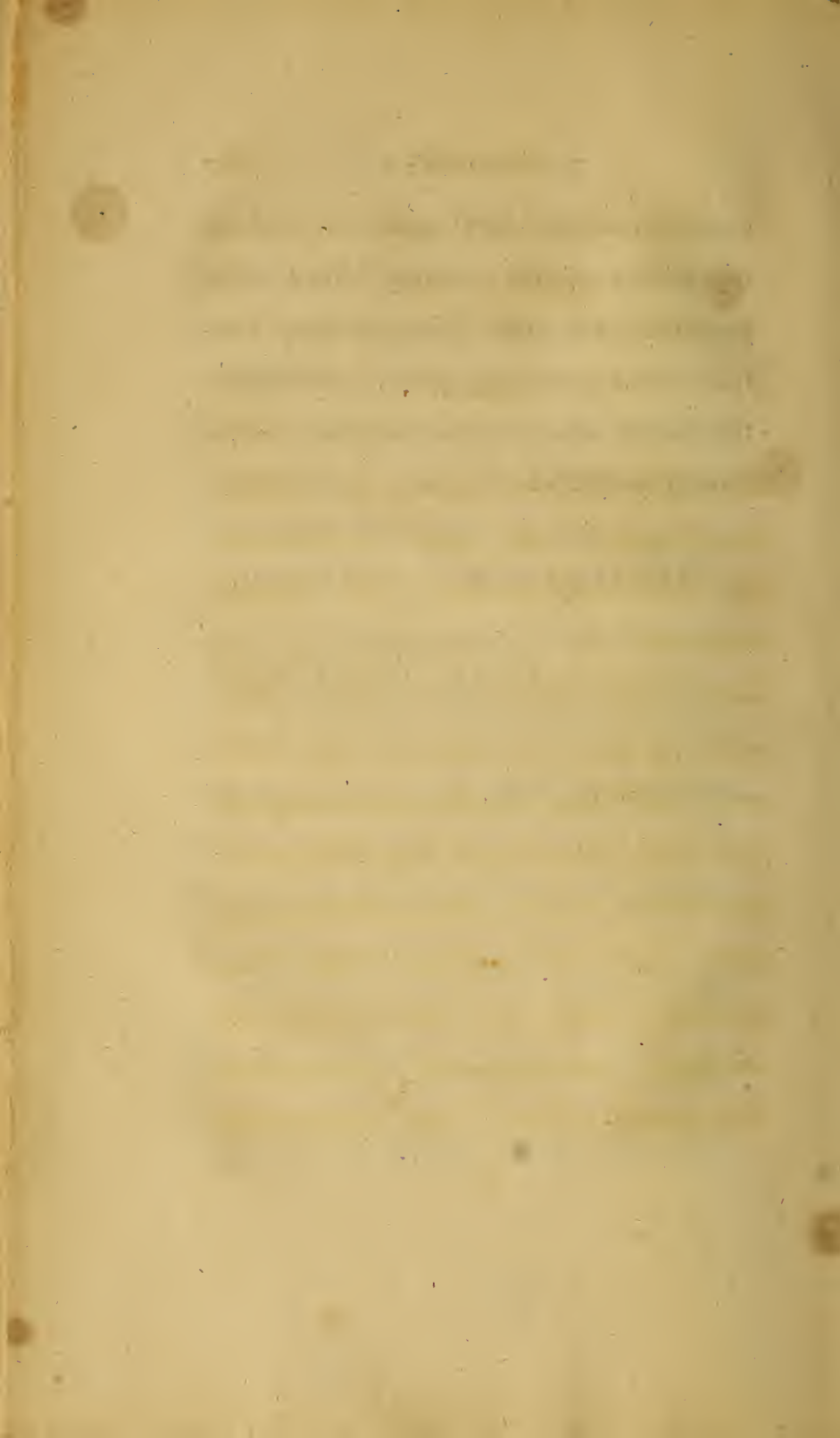
Accept then, this small work, as the offering of a heart devoted to your welfare. A humble imitator of her uncle's principles, the Editor, with yourselves,

equally venerates the Constitution and independence of the country. That those generous and noble principles may continue their protecting power, and defend the sacred altar of our liberties, is the fervent prayer of

Your respectful and devoted servant,

OLIVIA WILMOT SERRES.

London, June, 1813.



PREFACE.

THE life of the author of JUNIUS is offered to the public, without the most trifling degree of embellishment. It is cloathed in the simple decorations of truth. The only anxiety the niece of Dr. Wilmot entertains, is, that the disposition and character of her late uncle should be easily comprehended by every rank in society. She has, therefore, with the nicest attention to facts, endeavoured to complete this small work ; and respectfully

throwing herself on the mercy of the critics, she entreats their forbearance, in regard to the numerous errors with which this essay will be discovered to abound.

Dr. Wilmot distinguished his niece with his most affectionate regard. She passed her early life under his protection, until her marriage; and, after that event, frequently visited her venerable relative, until his death in 1807.

Accident produced the important discovery: so long, and so anxiously wished for by the literary and political world. The Editor, at the age of fourteen, had taken a book of M.S. from her uncle's library, in

order to make sketches, and scribble in the blank leaves, of which there were many. Being afterwards apprehensive of his displeasure, she acknowledges that she was induced to conceal the book ; and, in order to prevent its being examined by any of the servants, she usually had it wrapped in paper, and secreted from observation ; but at the same time without the least idea of what mere accident has since discovered.

On her marriage, the Editor requested of her uncle some of his sermons, and a few of his classical essays, to keep as a testimony of his regard. She knew he had several cabinets and boxes filled with writ-

ings of the like nature. “ I am not
“ going to die yet, Olivia,” he re-
plied : “ when next you visit me, I
“ shall select some of my writings
“ for your acceptance.”

From motives of love and respect,
the Editor continued to preserve the
book of which she had possessed
herself. She was not, however, in
the practice of opening it ; nor did
she, to the best of her recollection,
ever show it to any one, except to
the Rev. Edward Whitmore, brother-
in-law to the late Mr. Lechmere, of
Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, who
casting his eye on one of the pages,
supposed it of no consequence, as
it appeared to be nothing but a
common place book.

From time to time Dr. Wilmot delayed looking over his writings, to give the Editor those he had promised her. Having been deprived of his sight seven years before his death, she did not venture to touch again on the subject.

About two years before his decease, our author desired the schoolmaster of Long Compton might be sent for to the rectory. "He is a poor but honest man," the Doctor observed: "I have some important matters for him to execute, and I know his integrity." His orders were obeyed; and when the schoolmaster arrived at Barton, he was summoned, with the housekeeper, into

his apartment. The Doctor caused them solemnly to promise to obey his commands, as he should soon be a dying man, and had but one measure to complete. They both pledged themselves to obey his orders. "Take, then, my keys," said he, "and burn on the platform before the house all the bags and boxes of writings you can discover, in the cabinets in my bed-room." This command was unexpected:—but it was scrupulously obeyed. Every paper in the various repositories was committed to the flames; and, in order that the business should be completely done, the other servants were placed to watch the progress of destruction. Thus nearly

seven hundred sermons, and other valuable writings, carefully sealed up in bags and packets, were lost to the world.

The housekeeper had lived many years at the rectory. She wept exceedingly on the occasion, and declared nothing could be more vexing than this determination of her master's: "It is enough," said she, to use her own words, "to make a body "crazy, to behold such sad doings!"

When our author was asked the reason for destroying his papers, he would answer in these remarkable words:

"The mind's resolves should e'er unshaken be."

His relatives, as well as acquaint-

tance, had eagerly anticipated the publication of his sermons. But their hopes experienced an irremediable disappointment. The integrity of Dr. Wilmot formed a part of his very existence; and a steady adherence to his word distinguished his actions throughout a long and respectable life. It is a well-grounded supposition, that, amongst the papers thus destroyed, there were many relative to the publication of the Letters of Junius, as well as other valuable manuscripts on the political history of the times. “ *I am the sole*
“ *depository of my own secret, and*
“ *it shall perish with me,*” is an expression of Junius. The blindness

of Dr. Wilmot prevented him from arranging and separating his papers, and therefore, that no trace even of his hand-writing should be left behind, they were all involved, as he supposed, in one common destruction. But this expression of Junius must be taken only in a general sense ; for it is impossible that such an undertaking as the letters of that writer could have been carried on without the political assistance and confidential communication of others.

It is certainly a curious circumstance, that the MS. book, taken by the editor to scribble in, when a child, should contain memoranda, that prove beyond contradiction Dr.

Wilmot to be the long concealed author of the Letters of Junius. Mr. Woodfall informed her, that Junius was supposed to be a clergyman, and about middle age, Dr. Wilmot must have been in his forty-seventh year, (having been born in 1726) when he completed the celebrated letters in question.

In regard to that writer's residence in London, Dr. Wilmot constantly lived in town for many winters, until he eventually retired from public life in 1773-4. On such occasions he usually remained either at the mansion of Lord Plymouth, that of Lord Winterton, and frequently with his sister Olive Payne,

the lady of Captain Payne, a respectable merchant, to whose children he became guardian jointly with Sir William Curtis.

It is a well-established fact, that our author was a man of extensive talents, and liberal education. His acquaintance with the laws and constitution of this country was exceeded by few. His income was independent; and such was his general introduction among the higher circles, that no *public measure*, no *ministerial intrigue*, no *domestic incident* took place, but he acquired the immediate knowledge of all the circumstances.

Dr. Wilmot lived in habits of

friendship and confidence with some of the most distinguished characters of the age: Among them were Mr. Grenville, Lords Northington, Shelburne, and Sackville, together with the celebrated Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Thurlow, and Mr. Dunning. The late Bishop of Worcester, Lords Plymouth, Archer, Sondes, Bathurst, Grosvenor, Craven, and Abingdon, were on terms of intimacy with him, more particularly the three first named noblemen. He was well acquainted with many members of the administration from 1766 to 1773; and there is no question, but that his political information was derived from these sources.

During the period that Lord Northington was Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury was the friend and patron of our author. His intimacy with the Northington family was owing to his having been a schoolfellow of Sir James Wright at Warwick, where his mother Lady Wright resided ; at College the two friends kept up their acquaintance, and it continued without interruption until the death of Sir James.

Dr. Wilmot enjoyed the esteem and friendship of Lord Bathurst, Lord Archer, and Lord Plymouth, to both of which last named noblemen he was auditor. He also possessed the confidence of their res-

pective consorts. His honor and integrity were such as to endear him to all those who were acquainted with his talents and principles. Those gentlemen who are still in existence and who knew him intimately, will attest the independence of his mind, of that ardent spirit, and attention to his personal connections, which formed the general characteristics of his disposition.

It was extremely natural, under all the circumstances, that the author of Junius should be apprehensive of any discovery taking place. Surrounded by some of those whom he reproved, and confidentially entrusted by others with their political

dislike of the administration of the day, had the author been revealed to the knowledge of the world, his party must also have been exposed to the animadversions of the public, and implicated in such a discovery. The editor could enlarge infinitely on the political intrigues of those times, were it not that there are still some persons in existence, whose feelings would be wounded, not only in regard to themselves, but on account of those who are now no more, and whom they valued as dearest relatives and friends.

The intimate acquaintance our author had with Lord Shelburne

was well known ; and there cannot exist a doubt but that his Lordship was well aware of Dr. Wilmot being the writer of those Letters which afforded so much entertainment and instruction to the public.

Educated in Whig principles, and retaining them from a conviction of their being founded on rectitude, his prejudices against Toryism were fixed and rooted ; and to its tendency at Court, Dr. Wilmot invariably ascribed all the misfortunes of the present reign. His inveterate dislike to Lord Bute had its origin in this. The principles his Lordship had inculcated into the mind of his

royal pupil, he frequently observed, would bring heavy calamities on the country.

He was preceptor to Lord North, while at the University. But it was the Doctor's opinion that his Lordship had not imbibed many of those patriotic principles which he had once endeavoured to inculcate on his pupil's mind. On the contrary, he would often observe, that his administration was such as called for the most painful animadversions.

It is well known to those friends of Dr. Wilmot who are still in existence, that his independency of mind was such, as to preclude any idea whatever of intriguing for preferment in

the profession he belonged to, and that no circumstance of profit, interest, or advantage, could shake any of the determined purposes of his soul. The expression, "*I am above a common bribe,*" which Junius makes use of, denotes the pride of principle so eminently possessed by Dr. Wilmot, whose opinion once fixed, no human power could alter, and whose political apostacy, nor rank, nor riches could purchase. His mind was too greatly elevated to make *self* any consideration whatever in his worldly pursuits. His dignified manners, classical acquirements, and ready wit, were well known to his private friends. To

those who were accustomed to hear his arguments and opinions, to know his love of the constitution, his advocacy in favour of the people,—his general knowledge, — his burning glow of patriotism—all conspired to evince, that the same sentiments which shone so conspicuously in Junius, were also the sentiments of that *man*, whom the editor with pride and pleasure announces to the world, as the author of the celebrated Letters.

That her uncle was the author of the Letters of Junius, the editor possesses not a single doubt. Enemies, unquestionably, will start up, to impede, if possible, the progress

of truth ; but clothed by that just principle, as if in a coat of mail, she will meet every opposition to her statements, confident of the integrity of her sentiments. The character of her late respected uncle will bear the closest investigation that can be entered into upon this most important and interesting subject. It is not for her to enter into the labyrinth of argument to disprove the claims of those pretended writers of Junius, whose false statements have increased the difficulty of public opinion ; but she fearlessly ushers her proofs into the world, convinced that men of discernment will never hesitate

to separate the corn from the chaff.

Entrusted with family secrets, as well as the political opinions of several exalted characters in the kingdom, it was the honour and the fidelity of Dr. Wilmot that rendered him dear to all who knew him; they were aware that his mind was strong, and that a promise, passing his lips, would be sacredly remembered. It was the most difficult thing in the world to possess his confidence; it required a length of time—for he narrowly inspected men and manners.

Our author was an uncommon admirer of merit, wherever he found

it; but where he saw the least *servility*, or an inclination in the slightest degree to lessen the noble dignity of manhood, he would avoid the society of such persons with contemptuous disdain.

It has been stated, that our author was in the habits of strict intimacy with Lords Plymouth and Archer, and that to both of these noblemen he was auditor: a situation not merely of profit, but of confidence and extensive patronage. Hence, considered as he was in the family of these noble Lords, and particularly in that of Lord Archer, the opportunity of knowing various circumstances of state, so as to give effect

to the letters he introduced to the notice of the public, was not lost upon him. And as Lord Archer did not act, on any particular occasion, without consulting his friend Dr. Wilmot, and exhibiting to his political experience every thought he possessed; so it is fair to infer, that the remarkable protest, entered into by his Lordship and eighteen other Lords, on the 13th of February, 1771, concerning the ministerial regulations as they regarded the Port of Egmont, was the production of the Author of the Letters of Junius.

And this protest was made after an address of thanks was voted by both houses of parliament. That in

the Commons was carried, after a long debate, by a very considerable majority. The numbers for the address being 271, and 157 against it, who also voted for the amendment. In this declaration are the following sentiments :

“ We have never entertained the
“ thought of invalidating this public
“ act; but if ministers may not be
“ censured, or even punished, for
“ treaties which, though valid, are
“ injurious to the national interest
“ and honour, without a supposition
“ of the breach of public faith in
“ this house, that should censure or
“ punish, or of a breach of the laws
“ of humanity in those who propose

“ such censure or punishment—the
“ use of the peers, as a controul on
“ ministers, and as the best as well
“ as the highest council of the Crown,
“ will be rendered of no avail, &c.
“ &c. (*Signed*)

| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| “ Richmond, | Audley, |
| “ Bolton, | King, |
| “ Manchester, | Torrington, |
| “ Tankerville, | Milton, |
| “ Chatham, | Abergavenny, |
| “ Wycombe, | Fitzwilliam, |
| “ Craven, | Ponsonby, |
| “ Boyle, | Scarborough, |
| “ Devonshire, | Archer.” |

Lord Radnor was the remaining
peer out of the preceding number,

who entered into a separate protest on the general principles which had regulated the dissenting opinions of the others.

In Mr. Woodfall's late publication, page 219, vol. 1. Junius, in a private letter to the printer of the Public Advertiser, says, " I find
" myself unexpectedly married in
" the newspapers, without my know-
" ledge or consent. Since I am
" fated to be a husband, I hope at
" least the Lady will perform the
" principal duty of a wife." This witty sally proceeded from the pen of a bachelor. Had Junius been actually a married man, he would

not have written, “ *since I am fated to be a husband.*” Dr. Wilmot died a bachelor.

In another letter he says, “ I have been absent from town for a few weeks.” From holding the office of auditor to Lords Plymouth and Archer, our author consequently was under the necessity of being sometimes in the country for a short period. Until the living of Solihull was given away by their Lordships, as stated in his life, Dr. Wilmot absented himself, and remained at the house of his sister Payne. Although he was on the most friendly and affectionate terms with these noblemen, yet he determined

never to ask any favour at their hands. This circumstance tallies with the time alluded to in the letter.

Mr. G. Onslow was intimate with Dr. Wilmot for many years. But it appears, from some letters which were looked into by the editor, that a serious misunderstanding took place between them in 1764.

Mr. Willes was a gentleman of extensive talent and refined education. Some of his letters and essays, written at a very early age, and signed X. X., were in Dr. Wilmot's possession. The general tenor of the letter dated Nov. 20th, 1769, in Junius, is greatly in his stile and

diction. He was on the most confidential footing with our author.

On reading the letter addressed by Cambriensis to the Duke of Cumberland, the stile most forcibly struck the editor, as the exact portrait of Dr. Wilmot's wit, irony, sense, and judgment.

The editor is fully convinced, both from the conversation of our author and the letters which were addressed to him by Mr. Wilkes, that Lords Archer, Shelburne, and Chatham, were firmly united, in secretly opposing the Dukes of Bedford and Grafton, and Lord North; while they endeavoured to effect such

changes in the administration, as might forward their own views.

The editor begs to state, that she has seen papers (now recalled to her recollection) which convince her that her uncle was the author of Junius, and establish this conviction beyond the shadow of a doubt. Lords Shelburne, Ashburton, Archer, and Craven, Mr. H. Beauclerk, Mr. Wilkes, and the Doctor, were in 1771 engaged in some very important political proceedings. While she was, in 1791, looking over a vast collection of papers of different descriptions, by the command of her uncle, Miss Wilmot found in a red morocco

pocket - book, a check for £500, signed *****; along with this, was a bank-note for £20, which the editor presented to him. The Doctor taking them both into his hand, remarked, "how curious, Noll; your " hand is singularly lucky; I am " obliged to you for the discovery." He then burnt the check, and put the note into his purse. He told some of his friends afterwards visiting the Rectory, that the latter was *twenty years old*. But he never mentioned the circumstance of the check; the editor ventured one day to ask him respecting it; he frowned, and spoke angrily, desiring her never to remind him of the

circumstance. Then recalling himself, he said, “ from the time I received that check, I learnt the true character of men ; but I have satisfied my feelings by committing it to the flames. It was not *dis-honoured* ; I never presented it for payment.” This circumstance is now more particularly impressed on the mind of the editor.

In the Preliminary Essays, p. 130, Vol. I. prefixed to Mr. Woodfall’s edition of Junius, in the account of the various pretenders to the name of that writer, is the name of General Lee, who, it is observed, was an inveterate oppugner of Mr. G. Grenville’s Stamp Act. The measure

was no doubt obnoxious to the General. But Junius never would have carried arms against his country, nor shed the blood of his brethren. Dr. Wilmot frequently reprobated Lee's conduct, and was heard to declare, that "an Englishman should live
" and fall in the service of the
" kingdom in which he was born."

Mr. Rodney says, General Lee acknowledged the secret rested with himself; nay, that he told his friend, *he was the author*, and not contented with so despicable a falsehood, he endeavoured by every means, however futile and inconsistent, to substantiate his claim of being "the
" genuine Junius." And was General

Lee mad? was he intoxicated, or under the influence of a vain-glorious presumption? Would Junius, after the wonderful pains he took for concealment, have discovered himself in so flippant a manner, every way unlike the dignity so conspicuous in each feature of that remarkable man? Besides, a Junius, in the moment of danger and difficulty, would never have deserted his country.

Mr. Woodfall considered Junius to be a person connected with the most illustrious characters of the age he lived in. The connections of Dr. Wilmot, at the exact period in which the Letters of Junius appeared, were such as to corroborate Mr. Wood-

fall's opinion, and that our Doctor was the author. Persons of the most distinguished rank, talents, and power, honoured him with their confidence, their regard and friendship.

The circumstances of Junius were conceived to be easy, and sufficiently affluent to render him independent in life. Dr. Wilmot, as has already been stated, was auditor to Lords Plymouth, Archer, and Sondes. The income he derived from these offices, the emoluments arising from his Fellowship, and his other property, altogether afforded him means amply sufficient, had not the generous liberality of his disposition, during his intercourse with the great world,

caused him to exceed the limits of his expenditure.

It was about this time that the Letters of Junius were written. He lived profusely, in the constant society of the most illustrious personages of the times.

The late Mr. Woodfall thought Junius was a clergyman; that opinion agrees with the profession of Dr. Wilmot: and in regard to Mr. Jackson's saying, that "a tall
" gentleman in a coach delivered
" one of the letters of Junius;" it is remarkable, that Dr. Wilmot was six feet two inches in stature.

As to some of the Letters of Junius being sealed with a coronet,

that was likely ; Dr. Wilmot might have used the respective seals of Lords Plymouth, Archer, and Sondes. The editor has in her possession a seal with a coronet, which belonged to her uncle.

Respecting the knowledge Junius possessed of Garrick's conduct at Richmond, Dr. Wilmot, from his intimacy with the late Bishop of Worcester, preceptor to the Prince, would no doubt receive much information. Besides, he had frequently the honour to read to the Princess Amelia, aunt to his present Majesty,*

d 3

* Dr. Wilmot preached before her Majesty on her early acquaintance with England, and it has been stated that her Majesty was heard to declare, that he was the only English clergyman whom she could understand.

and was well known to the late Duke of Gloucester, and several branches of the Waldegrave family. He was also acquainted with some of the chaplains at St. James's. From these sources he no doubt derived all his information, relative to the transaction at Richmond.

The knowledge that Junius possessed of the affairs of the Duke of Bedford arose unquestionably from the intimacy he had with various branches of the Russell Family. A sense of ambitious policy, as well as injury, often divides the interests of a house.

Mr. Henry Beauclerk, Dr. Wilmot's friend, was well acquainted

with every thing that concerned the Duke of Grafton. He intrigued with Miss Parsons, his Grace's mistress; and was constantly in the society of Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Dunning, Lord Sackville, and Dr. Wilmot. In all probability Mr. Beauclerk was one of the confidants of Junius: and as he was an exceeding tall and handsome man, he might have been the person in the bag and sword who delivered one of the letters at Woodfall's. And this plan was doubtless used by the Doctor to prevent a discovery of the real author.

That Junius resided constantly in the west end of the town, no doubt can be entertained. Dr. Wilmot's

residence was always in that quarter ; and when he made any excursion to Oxford, he seldom remained at that place more than a day or two. Lord Plymouth's house was in Bruton Street ; his sister Payne lived in Westminster ; the Piazza Coffee-house, Nando's, Dolly's, the Exchange Coffee-house, and the Somerset Coffee-house, were all used by him ; and these circumstances strengthen the statement now before the public.

The original Letters of Junius, it appears from Mr. Woodfall's statement, are written on the same kind of paper with the manuscript book in the possession of the editor, bear-

ing the same water-mark, and of a foreign make. The autograph of Dr. Wilmot corresponds exactly with that of Junius. Fac similes of the hand-writing are annexed to this work; and those parts are selected which form another convincing proof that Dr. Wilmot was the author of Junius.

When Junius said, “his secret should perish with him,” it is not supposed so much integrity and merit could be deficient in stability. Dr. Wilmot ordered all his manuscripts to be destroyed; he had his reasons for so particular a resolution, and he inflexibly maintained it, contrary to the wishes and entreaties of

his relatives and friends. “ Not a
“ writing of mine shall be given to
“ the world,” he said ; “ *I prefer the*
“ *welfare of others, and those I have*
“ *valued in life, to every gratification*
“ *of my own ;* THE HONOUR OF A
“ MAN SHOULD NEVER BE SEEN IN
“ A LESSENING STATE.”

Thus the finest sermons, classical essays, and literary as well as political productions, were irretrievably lost.* After the burning took place, he ate his dinner with greater appe-

* The editor, after Dr. Wilmot's death, burned several rolls of paper, the writings on which were in cyphers, and done very neatly. There were two bags of papers found after his decease, which she examined, and which contained many curious anecdotes of living characters.

tite than usual, and was in high spirits the whole of the evening. “ I am not dissatisfied with myself: “ I have no secret upbraidings,” he observed; then, laying his hand upon his heart: “ the shades of my “ departed friends will now welcome “ me shortly to a better life,” was uttered with the utmost fervency.

The editor believes, that amongst those papers so destroyed, were copies of the letters sent to the Public Advertiser, under the signature of Junius; and also the various communications made to him by his political friends, and which aided him in writing the strictures on the administration of the times. Being

blind, he was unable to examine the papers; and being unwilling to place them in the hands of any one to peruse, he took the only effectual method in his power to bury most of them in eternal oblivion. The secrets of others were at all times most sacredly respected by him, and he always sacrificed every consideration of his own to the wishes of his friends. Very frequently he declared, that he had been entrusted with the highest and most important affairs, both civil and political, in the meridian of his life.

Junius retired soon after the completion of his political labours. At the very time Mr. Woodfall lost sight

of him, Dr. Wilmot, from the death of several illustrious friends, and other causes, returned to Warwick. It was known, he had been engaged in some political transactions of consequence. Towards the end of the year 1773 he secluded himself in the house of his brother Robert, at St. John's, Warwick. He employed three months in private writing, receiving no company whatever. His retirement was such, that his friends of the county did not know at that time of his even being in Warwick. The gardens and extensive grounds of St. John's, afforded him an opportunity of preserving his health by the exercise of walking. Two or

three of Mr. Robert Wilmot's servants had lived upwards of thirty years in the family, and therefore the Doctor could depend on their fidelity, while they waited on him. All the letters which arrived at Warwick for him, were enclosed under cover to his brother; who, in later life, used to talk frequently of that mysterious circumstance, saying at the same time, his brother possessed the most noble integrity, and that none had ever been so confidentially entrusted with the knowledge of the political transactions of the day.

Mr. Robert Wilmot also observed, that our author kept up a constant correspondence with some of the

highest noblemen in the realm, and that packets would go three times a week to London, many of which were directed to Mr. Wilkes, and others addressed to his confidants at the Bedford and Storey's-Gate coffee-houses. Sometimes twenty or thirty letters would arrive daily from London in parcels, and several were sealed with the arms of noblemen with whom he had been in the habits of intimacy. Mr. Wilmot would often observe his brother to have an exceeding perplexity of thought, and that he would frequently sit up writing half the night.

The mansion being a spacious old-fashioned building, the Doctor had

a suit of apartments in the north wing, remote from the family, where none, but the servants already alluded to, his brother and sister-in-law, together with his venerable mother, were allowed to visit him. *It was political ingratitude, and the death of some valued friends,* his brother declared, was the occasion of the Doctor's abandonment of the gay world.

That Dr. Wilmot was rigidly severe in his general criticisms on mankind, all who know him will with justice acknowledge. His mind was intrepid, his penetration strong and decisive ; of a proud and independent spirit, he entertained no

consideration for rank, when the vices of the mind betrayed themselves for his animadversion or reproof; dissimulation was so foreign to his nature, that his sentiments were dictated by plain unvarnished truth. Hence, upon all occasions, he boldly expressed his opinions, and never suffered power, interest, or corruption, to seduce the sincerity of his soul.

In 1773-4 he was seldom out of his native county. But in that year a meeting took place between him and *two* noblemen at the Three Tuns, Warwick. Three days were passed in their society. It was supposed, that the political opinion and advice

of our author was requested by them, for he said to his brother a few days after these interviews, " what a temptation have I resisted ! " but there is no dependence on the " promises of statesmen ! I will not " become a cat's-paw, or perhaps, " I might, Bob, possess myself of a " mitre. They are *now* convinced, " integrity is not *easily purchased*, " *and that honest men are desirable* " *friends.*" — From motives of delicacy to the families of these noblemen, the editor does not mention their names.

Mr. Burke corresponded with Dr. Wilmot about this period. Several of the letters the editor has seen ;

they were not legibly written, and so much interlined, as to make it difficult to read them. But it appeared that our author and Mr. Burke had been intimate friends. The letters generally contained political subjects, and the Doctor was always desired by his correspondent to commit them to the flames, as soon as read.

Mr. Burke and the Doctor had, however, a serious misunderstanding relative to Mr. Wilkes, and from that time the Doctor broke off the acquaintance. He often mentioned that Mr. Burke had no less than three times broken his faith with him; and this, to our author, was

a crime of the deepest die. “ I
“ pity my old friend Edmund ! ” he
would say, “ but I shall never
“ alter my opinion ; I have de-
“ termined to live and die the same
“ character ; however the prosperity
“ of my weather-cock friends may
“ admonish me, that mine, in point
“ of worldly interest, has been a
“ losing game, there is one thing
“ I still possess, a satisfactory, and
“ an applauding conscience ; it will
“ attend me to the grave.”

Dr. Wilmot did not entertain a vehement dislike to those public characters, who were of different opinions to his own. He reprobated the incorrigible depravity of those only, who

were improperly entrusted with the liberties of the people; and it was his anxious wish to benefit his fellow subjects by the powerful efforts of his pen. What risk, what danger, did he not run to benefit the community? What labours did he not perform? It was avarice, and a general misconception of politics, which he re-proved in the Duke of Bedford; Junius justly considered the errors of one individual should not be permitted to occasion the misery of thousands of his fellow-men in such a state as Britain. Justice, patriotism, and philanthropy actuated all his intentions. Where no danger is incurred by a steady adherence to

our political opinion, little merit is to be attached to our endeavours of a public nature.

A circumstance which took place in 1765 is worth relating. The Doctor was by an anonymous letter appointed to meet the writer in Kensington Gardens. The invitation was written in Latin. The seal was a Medusa's head, an antique, and finely cut. The postmark of the letter was Gerard Street. The Doctor did not consider the letter worthy of attention, until a second, third, and fourth were sent. Impelled by curiosity, he put a pair of small pistols in his pocket, and attended the appointment. To his

great surprise, he was accosted by one of the greatest political characters of the age, whose person he well knew. From that circumstance most of the brilliant circumstances of his life had their origin.

When conversing of such matters he would remark, that “ Saturday
“ through life had been to him a
“ day the most fortunate, having
“ generally observed, that any good
“ fortune which had attended him
“ had happened on that day of the
“ week.” And he would also observe, that on his making acquaintance with the nobleman alluded to (Lord W.), that several of his most

illustrious friends had such an introduction in contemplation.

Many of Mr. Dunning's letters to Dr. Wilmot, while the latter was in London, contained invitations to his Chambers. Others had the signature of Lord Ashburton. The Bedford¹ and Piazza Coffee-houses were often the places of appointment, and the name of Lord S. was frequently mentioned in the letters. Whether this initial designated the title of Lord Shelburne or Sherborne it is impossible to say, but there is sufficient probability to authorise the supposition it meant the first named nobleman, more particularly, when

the subsequent conduct of that nobleman to Dr. Wilmot is taken into consideration.

In many of Mr. Wilkes's letters, he congratulated the Doctor on his success and triumph; and exhorted him to persevere **IN THE GLORIOUS PATH HE HAD CHOSEN.** "The ministers are tottering; their venalities are too public for their continuance in power," were some of the sentiments contained in one of Mr. Wilkes's letters.

Previous to Mr. Fox's coalition with Lord North, Dr. Wilmot greatly admired that celebrated statesman. In his latter years he lamented much the circumstances that rendered Mr.

Fox inexcusable in his idea. “ The
“ laurels of his former days are
“ faded,” said the Doctor, “ there is
“ a dark spot in his horoscope, that
“ ages will painfully contemplate.
“ I once supposed that Mr. Fox
“ lived for the benefit of others,
“ more than for any consideration of
“ self. But the principles of some
“ men are reversed in advanced life,
“ and the original superiority of
“ their conduct most unfortunately
“ obscured by a lessening sense of
“ integrity.”

Mr. Dyer was often the subject
of conversation with Dr. Wilmot,
and he described him as a man of
talents. Although he was very inti-

mate with our author, he was the unfortunate cause of much vexation to him. Mr. Dyer was most intimately acquainted with Lord Archer; and, during dinner one day, a debate arising on a political subject started by Mr. Dyer, the Doctor took occasion to deliver his opinions in the free manner he had been accustomed. Our author's sentiments greatly offended Mr. Dyer. High words ensued: and with the feelings of a gentleman the Doctor retired. Mr. Dyer never forgave himself for his injustice to his friend Wilmot. Previous to his death, which happened soon after, he solicited the

Doctor's forgiveness, which was readily granted. And almost his last words were: "Wilmot is the greatest of men—I was unworthy of his friendship."

Had Mr. Dyer lived, the spirit of Dr. Wilmot would have shewn itself decidedly. He seldom quarrelled with any of his friends; but, possessed of the nicest sense of honour, although he easily forgave, yet he never passed over any intentional insult offered to him.

The generosity of Dr. Wilmot's temper, as well as the severity of his criticisms on the times, was proverbial. But whenever he approved,

it was without the least taint of dissimulation. Sincerity regulated his general conduct towards mankind.

Lord Shelburne was deceived in some of the political arrangements of Lord North, whose measures he secretly condemned ; a circumstance often mentioned by Dr. Wilmot : and he would say, that, “ humble
“ as I reside here, at my rectory, I
“ once possessed a *knowledge of the*
“ *highest concerns of my country ;*
“ and there never was a cabinet
“ so divided, as during the pe-
“ riod of Lord North’s adminis-
“ tration. The friendship of years
“ was lost in the opposition of a

“ day ; relative contended against
“ relative, statesman against states-
“ man ; and I can only recollect
“ about five or six characters, who
“ conscientiously studied the welfare
“ of the community.”

From what has been collected of the conversation of Dr. Wilmot, it may be inferred, that several of the illustrious characters mentioned in the letters of Junius were introduced to him after the commencement of his vast political undertaking ; and that they were solicitous to obtain his friendship. Lord Archer, imagining it would serve the Doctor, unknown to him, engaged to introduce him to Lord Chatham. He

commended to that eminent statesman the talents and integrity of his auditor, and as the Doctor himself related, by his officious kindness, once placed him in a *most perplexing situation*. But, as he feelingly expressed himself, “all this tends to prove, that it is owing to the good opinion of others, not to any servile endeavours of my own, that I became confidentially entrusted with affairs of importance.”

The sorrows of the Marchioness of Tavistock penetrated the feeling heart of our worthy Doctor. He was well acquainted with the virtues of that noble lady, and he sincerely sympathised in her misfortunes. He also

knew one or two other members of the Russell family, which, as it more frequently occurs in exalted life, was a divided one. The liberal principle which belonged to the younger branches of that noble house, in no wise accorded with the parsimonious prudence of the Duke. At the advanced age of his grace, Junius felt it incumbent on him to point out his errors for reformation. *As a clergyman*, fidelity to the tenets of his religion demanded his perseverance in endeavouring to rouse his grace's conscience to the feelings of contrition. To admonish and reprove, is a duty incumbent on every clergyman, whenever vice, immorality, or

injustice demand his attention. *As a patriot*, the interests of his country were dearer to the heart of Junius than the smiles of the great, or the friendship of the powerful. Such splendid talents and judgment as were possessed by Junius, were not bestowed for him to be idly inactive; for where much is given, much is required. The mind of Dr. Wilmot was ever alive to the intentions of his being.

Mr. Woodfall's edition of Junius proves that he commenced his letters to the public in 1767, about which period both Mr. Horne Tooke, as well as Mr. Wilkes, were at Paris, and forms one reason amongst many

that neither of these gentlemen could be the author of the Letters.

Almost all Mr. Woodfall's opinions as to the character, profession, disposition and talents of Junius, perfectly coincide with those of Dr. Wilmot. The style of the Letters of Junius corresponds with that used by Dr. Wilmot in his extensive correspondence with his friends. It even agrees with his general mode of conversation. His strength of mind and solidity of judgment could only be surpassed by the integrity of his disposition, which evinced itself on every occasion during his long and meritorious life.

An impartial discriminator may

readily infer, that the disposition of a Junius would prove a bar to his associating with the servants and dependants of the great. The man who thought and wrote as Junius could only have delighted in the society of persons of learning, taste, and refinement; a man so endowed could never stoop to inferiority. From whence is deduced the origin of an opinion so *ill-grounded* as the assertion of the Rev. Mr. Blake-way? Perhaps he may think himself fortunate, that from the mystery which has hitherto enveloped the author of the Letters of Junius, he is enabled to satisfy the wishes of his friends, by depreciating talents of

which there has hitherto been no parallel. But Junius cannot *now* defend his own character, or resent the calumny attached to his memory. Mention is made in fables of *giants* fighting against *babies*, but in no period whatever is there any history of a liberal and enlightened character warring with the principles of truth, justice, and integrity, once possessed by those who no longer exist, but sleep with the dead !

The general features of every man's life may be commented upon ; but truth should be the guide, the unerring principle that actuates the biographer's pen. The defamers of Junius may be considered as ini-

mical to the welfare of their country ; envious of the patriotic virtues that formed the brightest qualities of his soul ; jealous of those wonderful talents, which burst like a meteor, and illuminated the darkened horizon of the political hemisphere : hating that virtue, they cannot, dare not imitate, they are at best the slaves of their employers, whose loaves and fishes are of too agreeable a taste not to occasion the most hungry cravings, where interest alone is the director of man's wishes and enjoyments.

In page 22 of Mr. Blakeway's pamphlet, lately published, Junius is considered by him as having

aimed to subvert the Constitution, and that he might, amidst the commotions proceeding from such a cause, emerge to public notice and favour. How erroneous are the conclusions of this gentleman respecting the disposition and intentions of Junius. He also says, that “ Junius fixed the gaze, and enjoyed “ the frantic applause of the popu- “ lace.” Can those be called a mob, who have read and edified themselves by the essays of the celebrated writer in question. Junius laboured to benefit his country by pointing out to the public notice the corruptions of the day. He effected ultimately the most important services to the state.

His judicious animadversions enabled even the Monarch himself to observe strictly the mismanagement of his servants. Hence, Junius laboured for the welfare of others, for the good of the community at large, for the advantages of his fellow countrymen, rather than for laurels to decorate his own brows. Such was his character. Party, at this distant period, will deprecate the principles with which Mr. B. endeavours to adorn his arguments, and blush at the ungenerous and unmanly strictures he labours so much to disseminate.

In page 24 he again says, “ Junius
“ in his intercourse with mankind
“ must have learnt, and even his

“ heart must have told him, that he
“ deserved the universal execration
“ of mankind.” Although a female, I beg leave to enquire of the *reverend* reviler of Junius, if the sentiments, which proceeded from the pen of that excellent friend to civil and religious liberty, authorized so gross and so unmerited a falsehood? Who can read the Letters of Junius, and not acknowledge the truth, the justice, and the propriety of his remarks in general, whether on the constitution itself, or on the misconceptions (to give them no severer name) of those who were of the administration of the day? One of the most promi-

ment features in the character of Junius, is the concealment of his secret, *while living*. His forbearance is indeed worthy of admiration. Had he revealed himself, with what joy and gratitude would Britons have hailed the noble defender of their dearest rights, which party power was trampling upon! Not only his writings would have been traced on the hearts of his countrymen, but his statue, like that of the great Augustus, would have received the most distinguishing trophies of national veneration and regard. But no! Junius had satisfactions of a more private nature: he well knew that his generous labours would in-

struct and animate his fellow-subjects until the latest period of time, and that the same noble principles which dwelt in his heart, would live for ever in the breasts of thousands of the sons of constitutional freedom and independence. Nobly, therefore, did he decline all public reward for his great and transcendent exertions to benefit posterity.

Few men, gratified as Junius must have been by the well merited popularity of his writings, would have deprived himself of public approbation, as he condescended to do. Nothing could more justly elucidate the character of the true patriot, than the modesty, the privacy, and

the resolution to preserve that privacy, which Junius evinced, amidst the thunders of applause with which his writings were distinguished in the world.

Every human character has some portion of vanity in his composition. But it would appear that Junius was the most perfect of beings, for neither interest nor public approbation were inducements sufficiently powerful to change his fixed purpose in regard to the discovery of his secret. He publicly pledged himself to guard it most sacredly in the confinement of his own breast.

It is not likely that Junius himself would have delivered a letter at

Mr. Woodfall's printing office. The idea is absurd. The gentleman, must have been a confidant of Junius, who tossed the letter into the printing office, when he was observed by Mr. Jackson. Nor would Junius have rendered himself so conspicuous by his dress with a bag and sword, were it not that he might have done so for the purpose of disguise.

It is reasonable to conjecture that Junius was generally amongst persons, with whom he was not only acquainted, but with whom he was on terms of confidence. In one of his letters to Mr. Woodfall, he says, " I am among persons who would
" rather behold my name in the

“ papers improperly, than *not at all*.”

This is a strong corroboration that Junius and Dr. Wilmot was the same person, for Lord Archer was the confidant of Dr. Wilmot at the time of his auditorship in that nobleman's affairs, and at the period when the Letters of Junius were issuing to the world.

The editor again begs leave most respectfully to state, that in writing the present work, she has been actuated only by her love of truth, and an eager, though certainly justifiable, intention of preserving to the memory of her late venerable and respected uncle, those laurels which are undoubtedly his due, from

his talents, from his labours in the public cause, and from his general conduct and character in life. Impressed with the firmest conviction that her uncle was the author of the Letters of Junius, she submits *his* cause and her own labours to the judgment of a discerning public, and she takes her leave by quoting an aphorism of Lord Bacon. “Truth
“ is like unto a cork—the hand of
“ violence may press it down for a
“ while, but it will buoy up at
“ last.”

OLIVIA WILMOT SERRES.

47, Marchmont Street, Brunswick Square.

Extract of a private Letter of Junius,
February 1770.

“ When you consider to what
“ excessive enmities I may be ex-
“ posed, you will not wonder at my
“ caution.”

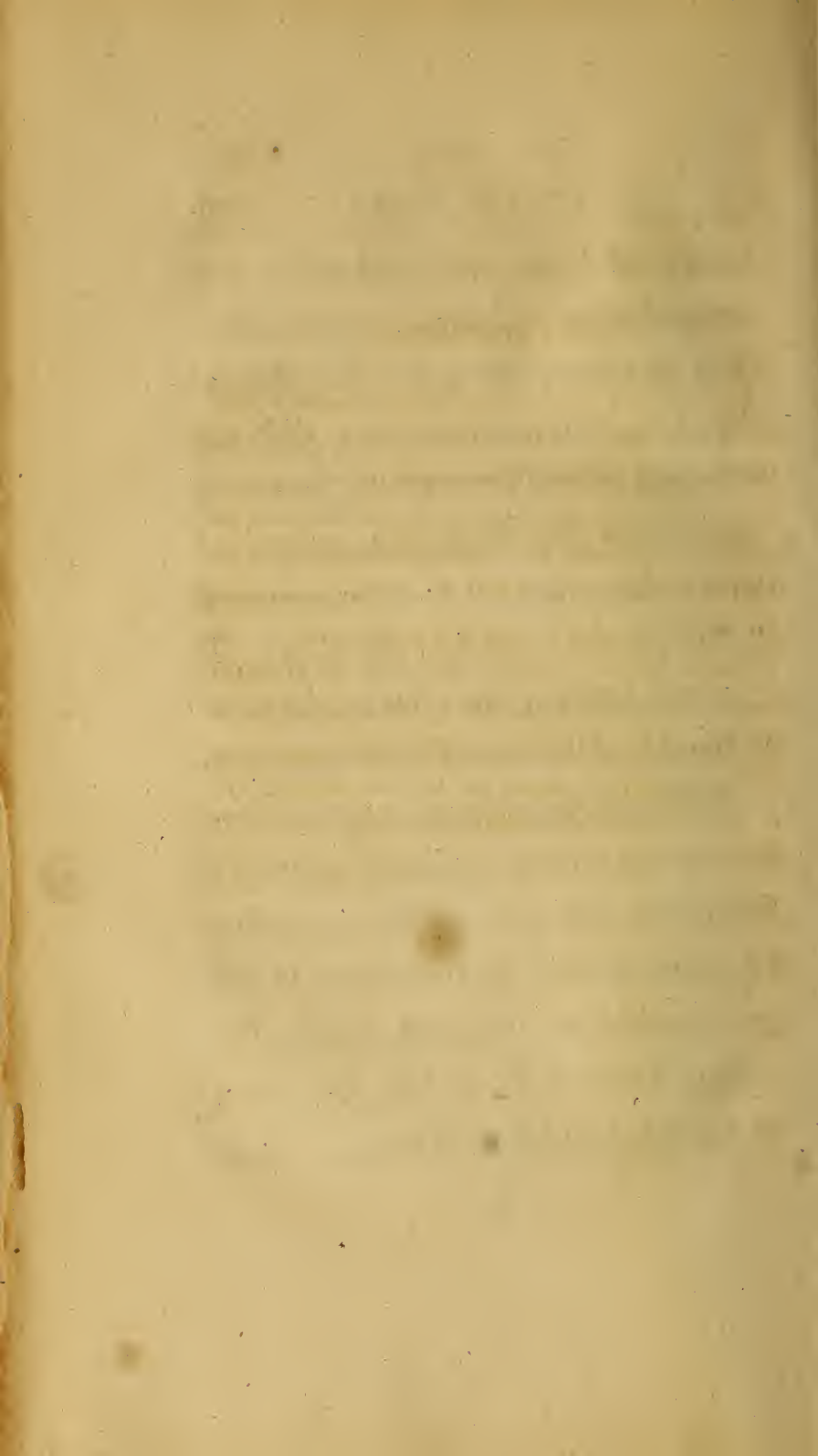
In the same letter, Junius speaking of the possibility of Mr. Woodfall being found guilty on his expected trial, says, “ you will then let me know
“ what expence falls particularly on
“ yourself; for I understand you are
“ engaged with other proprietors:
“ some way or other you shall be re-
“ imbursed.” If Junius had been a very opulent person, he would not have

written so carefully as to the loss likely to be sustained by Mr. Woodfall.

The editor has no hesitation in declaring to the world, that Mr. Dunning (Lord Ashburton) must have known the secret of Junius, as well as Lord Shelburne, "who," Dr. Wilmot once unguardedly observed, "had suffered as much as himself from the faithlessness of supposed friends ; but we decided most opportunely," said he, "there is a tide in every man's life !"

The editor recalling to her recollection the various description of papers she examined of Dr. Wilmot's, no doubt remains in her mind as to Junius and Mr. Dunning having

been confidants, and that Lord S. also perused some of Junius's essays before they met the public, this the MS. of the Dr. demonstrates—as did the different letters proceeding from the pen of his Lordship—in several of which he writes, “ I have received
“ the packet, and forwarded it ; all
“ your letters, &c. have come to
“ hand.” Although Dr. Wilmot had such illustrious connections, it appears he was in no way inclined to benefit from their interests. Thus, as before has been stated, he took leave of the great world in the year 1773, devoting himself to a life of independency and retirement.



ADVERTISEMENT.

It is necessary to inform the Public, that the daughter of Mrs. Serres, by the merest accident, discovered the Manuscript of Dr. Wilmot about the beginning of January last, and pointed out for the observation of her mother at that period, the memorandum alluding to the Letters of Junius, &c. Mrs. Serres had never seen Mr. Woodfall's work or beheld a fac-simile of the writing of Junius, until after she sent to Mr. Woodfall on the subject, which she did by the advice of one of the Physicians to His Majesty, who had been attending her in a dangerous illness she had experienced, and to whom she first imparted the discovery.

Shortly will be published,

BY

MRS. SERRES,

A

FINISHED PORTRAIT

OF

THE AUTHOR OF THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE
OF THE
REV. JAMES WILMOT, D.D.
AUTHOR OF JUNIUS'S LETTERS.

THE late Doctor James Wilmot was a descendant of Sir Nicholas Wilmot, of Osmaston, in the county of Derby, Knight. His grandfather was the brother of Sir John Eardley Wilmot's father, who married a lady of Yorkshire of good family and handsome fortune. Henry Wilmot, the grandfather of our author, possessed most extraordinary talents, and, in those days, was esteemed a man of considerable

erudition, not having been more generally admired for the integrity of his principles, than celebrated for his wit, spirit, and sincerity of disposition. Dr. Wilmot, when speaking of this gentleman, used to say, that Lord Rochester was descended from a branch of the same family, and that he was the nearest of kin to Sir Thomas Coke Wilmot, the munificent founder of Worcester College, Oxford.

Henry Wilmot well understood the jurisprudence of his country. Having occasion to proceed in a suit at law, at the Worcester assize, against Lord Foley (until that period his intimate acquaintance), he employed no counsel, but relying on the strength of his own ability, so successfully advocated his cause, that the jury awarded him £500 damages. The steward of Lord Foley paid the whole of this sum into Court IN SIXPENCES. Hence it is fair to infer that his lordship anticipated the ter-

mination of the suit, by his having such a quantity of small coin in readiness. Lord Foley, it was said, hoped to wound the feelings of his former friend ; but when the money was counted, he placed a bag on each shoulder, and quitted the court amidst the triumphant applauses of the numerous spectators, observing, “ Lord Foley *might* “ *bend his shoulders*, but that he should “ *never break his back.*”

By his marriage he had several sons and daughters, and possessed an estate of about nine hundred pounds a year. The eldest son, on the decease of his father, enjoyed the bulk of his fortune, while a part of it was disposed of for the purpose of purchasing the living of Adderbury for the second son, James, who had taken orders. The political opinions of this gentleman were, however, so decidedly in favor of the Stuarts, that he objected taking the requisite oaths on the induction into the

living. His politics, together with his scholastic acquirements and amiable disposition, so endeared him to the celebrated Doctor Radcliffe, that they became inseparable companions. The latter frequently declared that in the event of his friend Wilmot outliving him, the whole of the immense fortune he possessed should be his at his death. But James Wilmot died a few months before Radcliffe, at the Doctor's house, and in his arms. It is imagined that excessive grief, for the death of a friend he valued beyond every other earthly consideration, contributed towards hastening his own. The noble legacy to the University of Oxford will, to the latest ages, render celebrated the memory of Radcliffe. The usual appellation bestowed on the Doctor and his favorite Wilmot was "the TWO POLITICIANS—the two friends."

The eldest son of Henry Wilmot died in Yorkshire, bequeathing his estate, after

cutting off the entail, to a lady who had lived with him for several years, to the no small mortification and regret of his brother, our author's father, to whom the property, after the death of James Wilmot, belonged by right of inheritance.

Thomas Wilmot, the father of our author, was born in 1680, about the time of the appearance of the Great Comet. Early in life he entered the army, and was present at the memorable battle of Blenheim, in which he particularly distinguished himself, and was severely wounded. Shortly after his return to Worcestershire, he married the only daughter of General Downes, by whom he had issue, Theophilus, Edward and Thomas. Theophilus was eminent in the profession of the law, by which he realized a considerable fortune, and died at the age of fifty. Edward died young. Thomas married a lady of London named Smith. She departed this life five years

afterwards, leaving a son and daughter, who, from the death of their father at an early period of their lives, became orphans, and were placed under the guardianship of their grandfather. This grandson was named Thomas Downes, and, at an early period of his life, went to Bengal, where he settled as an English merchant in 1762. He was an honor to his country, never forgetting the character of a "true born Englishman." The integrity of his disposition endeared him to every eminent character in India.

From the opportunities he had of observing the various occurrences of that eventful period, he had frequent occasion to deplore the effect of the arrangements made under the administration of Lord Clive. In his correspondence with his relatives in England he would often detail the situation of his feelings, rendered more poignant from his characteristic sensibility.

“ *The scenes I hourly witness (said he in a letter) render me greatly dissatisfied with my abode in this country. I anxiously anticipate the happiness of once more seeing my native land, and its dearer privileges and independencies.*”

He acquired, with every principle of honor and probity, a very handsome independence. On the eve of departing for his native country, he had previously transmitted to England the bulk of his fortune ; when he was seized with one of those disorders so prevalent in hot climates, and expired in the fiftieth year of his age. This event took place in 1781. His will may be seen at Doctors’ Commons, which is written with his own hand. After making express regulations, as to any disputes which might arise relative to his bequests, he concludes with these remarkable words, “ *what I have acquired by the sweat of my brow, the harpies of the law shall never*

“*enjoy.*” He was greatly lamented in India. The name of Wilmot, for honor, beneficence and virtue, is still remembered with veneration and respect in those distant settlements.

Thomas Wilmot, the father of our author, in an advanced age, married a second wife, Miss Sarah Hughes, sister to an eminent silk-merchant of Gracechurch Street, London, who made the curious collection of butterflies now deposited in the British Museum. Our author was the eldest child of this union, and was born at Warwick on the 3d of March 1726.

A singular accident occurred three days after his birth. The nurse attendant on his mother carelessly set fire to the curtains of the bed. The whole apartment was instantly in flames, and the cradle of the infant almost demolished, before any assistance could be obtained. This circumstance took place at midnight, while the family

was in bed. The distress and agony of our author's father was beyond description. Laid up with a severe fit of the gout, to which, for years he had been at different periods subject, he was totally helpless amidst this truly distressing scene. Horror-struck on learning the extreme danger in which his wife and child were placed, he kept continually calling out to his servants to preserve those objects of his anxious fears ; entreating, that no consideration for his own safety should be attended to, until that of his wife and infant was ascertained. The gracious interposition of divine Providence was manifested in a most eminent degree. On the night of that alarming circumstance, not a single life was lost. The side of Dr. Wilmot was however so scorched by the flames, that the scars remained perceptible to his death. The physician, attending the distressed sufferers,

who were kindly received into a neighbouring mansion, apprehended the most fatal consequences would manifest themselves, from the excessive fright both Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot had experienced. But destiny decided otherwise. Not only the parents, but the infant, were restored in a few months to a complete state of convalescence.

A twelvemonth after the birth of our author, a daughter was born, named *Olive*; then a son named Robert, and a daughter christened Sarah. Three other children died in their infancy.

James Wilmot, our author, at the early age of seven years, began to display the indications of a most lively wit and aspiring genius. Nothing could be more frank or decided than the features of this child's disposition. His bodily health and improvements kept pace with the rare expansion of his mind. Young James Wilmot

was his parents' pride, and the admiration of their friends. His father had received a most liberal education. He could justly appreciate the budding perfection of youthful merit in its various degrees. No person better understood the task of instilling the precepts of integrity, and of edifying by example. Hence, he was eminently qualified, both by education and disposition, to become a valuable preceptor to his son, whose love of study, and attention to his classical pursuits, amply rewarded the attentions of so excellent a parent.

The father of our author had possessed a younger brother's patrimony, with his commission in the army, and also some property in right of his wives ; but possessing a free and open-hearted disposition, greatly devoted himself to the pleasures of the chace and the turf. His stud, both of race-horses and hunters, were kept up in the highest style, and few in the county where he

resided possessed better hounds. These propensities rather diminished than increased his finances.

The growing expences of his family seriously alarmed him. To provide for the gratification of his favourite pleasures, and the welfare of his offspring, was his chief consideration. Intimately known to the principal characters of the counties of Worcester and Warwick, he considered it a most difficult task to assimilate his ideas to the demands of prudence, by divesting himself of his partiality for his stud and his health-preserving fox-hounds. As a sensible man, he was aware necessity had many imperious laws ; and that the proudest mortals, at different periods of their existence, have been compelled to abide by her (some time) insupportable decrees.

When he was engaged in these prudent reflections, the mansion of the Archer family, at Warwick, was unoccupied; and

it was the whim of Mr. Thomas Wilmot, to take these vast premises, and to convert them into a magnificent inn. The building was an immense stone edifice, and in one of its wings a suite of rooms was prepared for the separate residence of himself. He laughed at the world's opinion, and still possessed himself of the best company in the county in his novel establishment, which for years was conducted upon the most liberal and satisfactory scale.

The late Lord Leigh's father used frequently to dine with Mr. Thomas Wilmot, in his public situation, where a handsome dinner was provided, and the best of wines administered. Every thing relative to these arrangements was conducted as if in a private house. The visitors formed a distinct concern from the business of the inn, the domestic regulations of which he never interrupted, by possessing servants of the most satisfactory integrity.

By this management, our author's father was enabled to retain the same number of horses and dogs, and to enjoy the pleasures of the field, without fear of future embarrassments. To regale his own visitors sumptuously, and to live liberally and independently, were prominent features in his character through life. At no time did he ever forget he was a Wilmot and a gentleman. In Warwickshire and Worcestershire he was styled *Beau Wilmot*; which appellation was given him from the dignity and elegance of his person. His dress was remarkable; consisting generally of a full suit of purple velvet, ornamented with silver buttons, on which were engraved the unicorn, the crest of the family arms,—a fashion used in those days. His figure was of a commanding height, and his countenance truly expressive of every noble faculty of the mind. His humanity, his amiable and generous disposition, were

the constant theme of those who loved him. The poor hailed him as a benefactor, for “his hand was ever open as day to melting charity.” No man was more courted—none more esteemed and respected. His near relationship to the four members of the county and borough of Worcester, as well as to Judge Wilmot, naturally created an extension of acquaintance, who enjoyed his company with delight, and parted from him with regret.

When our author was about nine years of age, he was nearly experiencing a most fatal accident. Amusing himself with other boys of his acquaintance, on the banks of the Avon, he was induced to bathe in the river: seized with the cramp, he would have perished, had not the intrepid courage of a boy of fourteen saved his life, by plunging into the stream, and rescuing him from a watery grave. Totally insensible, he was conveyed to a neigh-

bouring house, when medical assistance was procured, and successfully administered.

At the period he was pursuing his studies at the college in Warwick, that greatness of mind, that undaunted manner of expression, which afterwards became so conspicuous in his character, and which remained with him through life, had begun to expand. A circumstance which occurred at the college will illustrate this, the result of which endeared him to his friends, and made the most indelible impression on their minds. The pupils of the college mutinied, and turned their preceptor out of the school-room. The refusal of our author to assist in the rebellion greatly irritated his companions, who used him with violence because he chose to maintain a determined opposition to their plan. "Our master is a tyrant," vociferated the youthful culprits, "and deserves

“ hanging.”—“ And will violence and dis-
 “ order,” replied our hero, “ effect your
 “ emancipation from this authoritative per-
 “ son? Alas! the storm with redoubled
 “ fury will burst upon your heads. Rather
 “ defeat your enemy with his own weapons
 “ —be ever diligent in your studies, and
 “ amaze him by the intenseness of your in-
 “ dustry. By such a line of conduct you will
 “ occasion the man to blush at his own in-
 “ capacity, which has induced him to sup-
 “ pose, that none but fools and dunces
 “ have been placed under his tuition.
 “ Thus, the severity of his correction will
 “ not be requisite, and he will be under
 “ the necessity of applying constantly to
 “ his studies, so as to be no longer de-
 “ ficient in his talents, as a reputed scho-
 “ lar, and as the head of this respectable
 “ institution.”

The eloquence of the young orator pre-
 vailed. The boys immediately returned to

their duty, and gave their courageous adviser that credit he so much deserved. "Wilmot is right," they said, "the fault is in ourselves; but we will, for the future, be regulated by his example."

"As when in tumult rise the ignoble croud,
Swift are their motions, and their tongues as loud;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply;
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise and lend a listening ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood."

Dryden.

The clergyman, under whose regulation the college was placed, was made acquainted with our author's proceeding. He carefully examined the abilities of the different preceptors, and finding their talents very superficial, dismissed them, and immediately procured others to the general advantage and satisfaction of his pupils. At all times, and on all occasions, he dis-

tinguished young James Wilmot with every commendation and regard.

When our author had attained his sixteenth year, he was entered of Trinity College, Oxford. The parting between his father and himself was affecting; “Remember, my son,” said the former, “remember that integrity and honor will ever carry you nobly through life. By these, I trust, every action of your existence will be modulated.” Greatly affected by the admonition of his venerable parent, he embraced him, saying, in the most emphatic manner, “My father, I shall always endeavour to recollect *I am a Wilmot.*”

As soon as he was settled at the University, he devoted himself unceasingly to study, rising at the earliest dawn of day, to pursue his researches after classical knowledge. His talents were of too dazzling a nature to escape the observation of

his companions. Even those of his own age condescended to be instructed by their young friend, and were eager to profit by his regard. But, devoted to improvement, he would for weeks seclude himself in his apartment. In one of these occasional retirements, he addressed the following lines to his mother, at Warwick.

Lov'd Home! lov'd Home! delightful source of joy,
 What sweet reflections does thy name supply!
 How oft, methinks, I view my Mother's smile,
 As o'er my books I bend with pleasing toil.
 My Mother! yes, her virtues e'er impart
 The proudest triumph to my grateful heart.
 My Father, ah! 'tis there again I'm blest!
 His sacred lessons warm my youthful breast.
 A man he lives, whose noble features prove,
 True honor guides the soul of truth and love!
 Oh! may my years his approbation claim,
 Deserving of a Wilmot's honest fame;
 A boast more prized than fortune's lofty smile;
 Let others for her chequered pleasure toil,
 Be mine the task, a nobler lot to share!
 Ye Gods! but hear my firm and constant pray'r,
 Oh! make my future ways your gracious care!

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His affectionate letters endeared him to his parents, who liberally rewarded his industry and improvements, thereby cherishing that spirit of emulation which enabled him to persevere with advantage in his studies. He was not only conversant in the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages, but was intimately acquainted with polite literature. He frequently assisted his companions in their various pursuits after science; and, when reproved by his tutor for his too arduous diligence to benefit the interests of others, by which he was endangering his constitution, from such excessive sedentary employments, he would answer, “ Nothing can be more agreeable or entertaining, than our continual endeavours to serve those who distinguish us by their regard.”

The general deportment and affability of temper which were the characteristics of Dr. Wilmot interested every one in his

welfare. Some of the most superior characters of the University sought his friendship : among them were Mr. Wharton, the Poet Laureat, Dr. Johnson, and several other eminent writers.

He obtained his academic honors at an early age. He was only twenty-two, when he took his master's degree. At thirty, he became bachelor, and four years afterwards was made doctor in divinity.*

When only twenty years of age, such were his acquirements, that he frequently delivered in public the most learned discourses. On such occasions, he was always honored with the general applause of his hearers ; but when entreated to print some of his classical essays, he would decline such a proposition by observing, that “ others “ wrote better than himself, and that he

* When he died, he was the senior doctor of divinity in the University of Oxford.

“ was confident the partiality of his friends
 “ occasioned many erroneous opinions as
 “ to his talents. The man who studies to
 “ possess himself of the world’s applause,
 “ at too early a period of his life, generally
 “ lives to experience, in his latter years, a
 “ reverse of fame.”

During the period of our author’s residence, at this time of his life, at the university, he went by the name of “ Popularity Wilmot;” and, although it may appear almost incredible, it was a well known fact at Oxford, that he possessed the favor of all parties. His opinion was taken on every public measure at the university, and his advice was always given with freedom and candor.

It was evident to his friends that his disposition was ambitious: but this ambition arose from refinement of sentiment, not from a selfish or ignoble inclination. He possessed a great degree of pride in his

nature, which evinced itself in all his actions and pursuits, from his earliest infancy ;—still, it was a superior pride ;—it emanated from exalted sentiment and conscious integrity ; it prompted him to be careful of his own passions, and to regulate his conduct by the most exemplary principles.

Fond of society, our author, for the most part, devoted his evenings to the company of his friends. He seldom allowed himself more than five hours rest, and he made it an invariable rule to rise at the same hour in the morning, whether he went to bed early or late. He associated with the most illustrious characters, and being of a convivial turn, was frequently one of the last who retired from any party he might have been engaged in.

The intimate companions of Wilmot were greatly perplexed to learn, in what manner he found opportunity to prosecute his stu-

dies, and to acquire such a fund of general knowledge. Scarce an individual of the university comprehended his methods. Whenever they went to his apartments in the day, they seldom saw him particularly engaged. The still hour of early morning was the time he devoted to intense application. He kept a game cock, which generally perched on the elbow of a chair by his bedside, and whose crowing was the signal for study. When he spoke of sleep, he was wont to say—"Five hours for a man, six for a woman, and seven for a sow."

Dr. Wilmot was an excellent logician ; he delighted in sound and argumentative disquisition. In stile and pathos his oratory was likened to that of his favorite Demosthenes. His eloquence was graceful, and the tones of his voice clear and sonorous. The most crowded audiences attended to hear him : every one, eager to

rise in the same profession, anxiously endeavoured to imitate his stile and manner ; for it was universally acknowledged, few preached more elegantly than Dr. Wilmot.

The respectable parents of our author gloried in, and idolized their deserving son. They properly estimated the goodness of Providence in bestowing on them such a treasure. The noble family of the Archers were intimately known to the elder Mr. Wilmot. The friendship which the late Lord Archer ever retained for the Doctor was well known, both at the university, and throughout the county of Warwick. Lord Plymouth was brother-in-law to his Lordship, and was also on the most intimate footing with our author. He possessed an excellent heart, and the best principles, although the world did not consider his Lordship either a scholar or a politician.

For a succession of years Dr. Wilmot

passed much of his time in the society of these noblemen, as well as that of the first Lord Winterton and the old Lord Sondes. He frequently passed his winters in London at their mansions, and was auditor to Lord Plymouth and Lord Archer, for several years; a trust he filled with the most scrupulous integrity and zeal.

At this period Lord North was entered of Trinity College, and Dr. Wilmot was solicited to be his preceptor. Very frequently, in the latter part of his life, our author would declare, that Lord North, in the morning of his days, possessed wit and accomplishments of superior degree; that his mind was formed with the most ingenuous and liberal disposition, and that he was a decided Whig as to his political opinions. “The fate of empires,” the Doctor would say, “are conformable to the wisdom and excellence of their rulers; and the appetites of men, to the means

“ of their enjoyments. The few who have
 “ stability and courage to preserve the
 “ dominion of integrity amidst the seduce-
 “ ments of ambition and power, are cha-
 “ racters which few ages have beheld in
 “ unsullied excellence.”

Sir James Wright, who had held abroad several situations of trust and high importance, entertained for our Doctor the most brotherly regard. His mother and sisters had resided at Warwick for several years. Dr. Wilmot paid his addresses to one of the sisters of Sir James, but a misunderstanding having arisen, the treaty was broken off, and the lady was subsequently united to Dr. Charleton, a physician of Bath. To the last moment of his life he would dwell with pleasure on the perfections of this lady.

The fame of Dr. Wilmot was now increasing, and, at the age of thirty, he was known to, and intimate with, the most

illustrious personages in the kingdom. Nor was it surprising to the world—his connection with Lords Plymouth and Archer, as well as his own character, were an introduction to families of the highest rank.

At the age of forty he was constantly in fashionable life, residing every winter in London, and making, as has been already observed, the mansions of his noble friends his occasional home. The house of his brother-in-law, Captain Payne, who married his sister Olivia, was also ever open to his reception.

Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Thurlow (afterwards Lord Chancellor), Counsellor Wheeler, the brother of the late Sir William Wheeler, of Warwickshire, and Mr. Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton), were his confidential friends, and most intimate acquaintance. The old Lord Bathurst honored our author with his friendship. The Honorable Henry Bathurst and the Honorable

Henry Beauclerc he numbered among his friends.

The latter gentleman had been a very old college acquaintance, and being a good draughtsman, had once prevailed on Dr. Wilmot to allow him to take his portrait in black and white crayons. This drawing was at Barton-on-the-Heath at the time of the Doctor's decease in 1807 ; but unfortunately it had received much damage, otherwise it would have made an excellent print of our author. He could never be prevailed upon to sit for his picture in oil, saying,
*“ myself and the small portion of fame
 “ I have acquired shall be consigned to the
 “ tomb. The man who writes for the
 “ satisfaction of his own vanity, and he
 “ who labours for the benefit of mankind,
 “ are two distinct characters : I have pre-
 “ ferred the latter pleasure.”*

The habits of Dr. Wilmot were impressive. No littleness of thought or action

manifested itself in any of his personal pursuits. He delighted in deeds of liberal munificence. Towards his fellow men he never professed a friendship he did not feel.

Enjoying considerable benefit from his classical superiority, and receiving from his father the most liberal supplies, his love of convivial enjoyments was frequently manifested. He sometimes gave the most handsome entertainments to his noble friends, and displayed, upon such occasions, the generosity of his spirit. No sordid idea ever contaminated his mind. His sentiments were elevated on the grandest scale of human excellence; and such was the opinion his noble associates entertained of his sense and judgment, that at all times they were eager to profit by his advice and his experience. Lord Archer well understood the expanded mind of his friend Wilmot,

and consulted him upon all his political and civil arrangements.

The Archer election at Coventry, which took place a considerable number of years ago, was one of the strongest contests ever remembered in the county of Warwick. Although our author's political sentiments were not in unison with, or indeed perfectly understood by his noble friend, yet, from motives of family friendship, Dr. Wilmot firmly supported Lord Archer's interest.

His Lordship's success was entirely owing to Dr. Wilmot's political knowledge, and to his general popularity in the county. Our author had however experienced a most trying ordeal. In the morning when the charring of the members took place, and while walking near the park at Coventry, he was suddenly surrounded by some of the opposite party, whose intention was to tar and feather him. These people had been

constantly on the look-out for the Doctor, and they rapturously hailed the moment they beheld him alone in a solitary part of the town. Determined to effect their purpose, their huzzas rent the air. The Doctor was completely hemmed in. The tar and feathers were sent for. In this anxious moment his presence of mind did not forsake him. He asked permission to harangue the croud previously to commencing their operations. "Persons so brave as he conceived them to be," he said, "would no doubt be also found generous enemies." As he was extremely tall, and was conspicuous by wearing a large cocked hat, while giving a dissertation on true courage and bravery of soul, he caught the ear and attention of one of his own party, who was endeavouring to press through the croud. Seeing Dr. Wilmot placed in such a perilous situation, he instantly procured assistance;

collecting nearly a hundred of the Archer voters, who with bludgeons fought their way to the aid of the Doctor, the very moment they had began to unbutton his waistcoat, and to undress him for the purpose of tarring and feathering.

In several of the university elections, Dr. Wilmot made a conspicuous figure, and success always crowned those whose cause he espoused. In addition to the appellation of “ *Popularity Wilmot*,” he was also styled “ *Jemmy Right*,” and “ *Jemmy Wise*.” The Poet Laureat Wharton being the christener on these occasions.

It was old Lord Bathurst introduced our author to several of the late members of the Grenville family, and also to the King’s brothers, who were intimate with the Archers, his devoted friends.

A curious circumstance occurred one day while he was walking in the Strand,

with the late Duke of York, which evinced that grateful recollection of services, ever implanted in the breast of the Doctor. A coalman, passing by, saluted him with his hat. Dr. Wilmot immediately went to the poor fellow, and shook him cordially by the hand, to the extreme diversion and wonder of his Royal Highness. The Prince, on being rejoined by his companion, observed, that “ he had always considered “ him a most singular character, but that “ this fancy of his outwitted all his other “ eccentricities. Pray, tell me,” asked the Duke, “ who this sooty friend of yours “ is? I am determined to know the man.” “ Your Royal Highness shall be obeyed,” replied the Doctor ; “ this poor fellow is a “ townsman of mine, named Taylor, who “ when I was a boy preserved my life at “ the moment I was nearly drowned : for “ this honest fellow, plunging into the “ water, by his humanity, courage and

“ feeling, saved the life of your humble
 “ servant. Your Royal Highness will per-
 “ ceive I cannot too gratefully recollect the
 “ service he has rendered me.”—“ Desire
 “ your townsman to come to the Exchange
 “ Coffee-house,” said his Royal Highness.
 The honest fellow obeyed with alacrity
 the gracious summons, and had the honour
 to converse with his Royal Highness for
 some minutes, who generously bestowed on
 him a ten pound note, as a testimony, he
 was pleased to say, of his friendship for
 Dr. Wilmot. This anecdote, so honorable
 to all the parties, and which afforded a
 specimen of feeling but little practised by
 princes, the editor of these memoirs had
 from the Doctor, when he had attained his
 seventy-eighth year.

We have given an instance of that grate-
 ful memory which ever constituted one of
 the glowing virtues of our respected author;
 and we have now to narrate a circumstance

which proved him to possess a generous intrepidity of spirit.

The Lords Abingdon, Plymouth, Archer, and Foley, accompanied Dr. Wilmot to the races at Oxford. Among the visitors was a Mr. Gilpin, a person of considerable landed property, much despised for his avaricious and overbearing disposition, who to evade paying his losings on the turf, had always recourse to the most ungenerous subterfuge. Being of a gigantic size, his herculean limbs betrayed excessive strength and activity. Few persons chose to quarrel with Squire Gilpin.

On the day the races commenced, Mr. Gilpin, as usual, had betted considerably; but it was observed, he refused to liquidate his debts of honor with any member of the Church. "Parsons," as he styled the Clergy, "were his pastime." The surrounding country well understood all Mr. Gilpin's *excellencies*, yet no one had been

found of sufficient courage to chastise so formidable a character.

The noblemen who were the companions of Dr. Wilmot were well acquainted with his honour, courage, and independant mind : he was therefore requested to engage Gilpin in a bet. “ He will not dare “ to take liberties with you, Wilmot, (said “ they), but if he should be so presumptuous, you will chastise his insolence, as “ it deserves.”

Our author immediately rode up to him, and engaged him easily in a wager. The horse he named having won the heat, attended by Lords Archer, Abingdon, and Plymouth, he politely, and in the most gentlemanly manner, demanded the payment of his bet. The Squire behaved with his habitual rudeness, declaring “ that the “ University of Oxford was a d—d shabby “ place for a gentleman to sojourn in.” “ The whole body of clergymen, he said,

“ were a set of shuffling mean-spirited
 “ fellows ; you are one of those wolves in
 “ sheep’s clothing ; I shall not pay you.”

He uttered these expressions in the most violent manner, and struck Dr. Wilmot with his whip, whoroused at the insult offered to the University, and indignant at the ignominious manner in which he treated that body of which he was a member, actually horse-whipped his antagonist off the race-ground, amid the applauses of all who had witnessed the mean and pitiful conduct of Mr. Gilpin. Not contented with the chastisement already bestowed, the Doctor continued it through the streets of Oxford; and the Squire’s shoulders were so belaboured, that he was under the necessity of confining himself at least two days to his bed, and then stole from Oxford covered with humiliation and disgrace.

The wrist of Dr. Wilmot was greatly strained and weakened by such violent ex-

ertion. He usually wore a black ribband binding round it to the day of his decease ; and would frequently at the spring of the year declare, he suffered considerably through his *Gilpin frolic*. “ The aches “ I feel in my wrist are remembrancers ” he would say, “ that most effectually im- “ pose a recollection of the circumstances “ attending that event.”

Dr. Wilmot was honoured by the thanks and acknowledgments of the most distinguished personages at the University. Several sumptuous dinners were given on this occasion, at one of which Lord Abington gave the following toasts :

“ *May the integrity of a Wilmot live “ for ever ! — May this University, to the “ latest ages, prove the proud pre-eminency “ of its members.*”

It is worthy of remark, when the celebrated Lord North arrived at the University, he immediately courted the notice of

Dr. Wilmot. Our author was his preceptor, and his Lordship was frequently heard to say, that no other gentleman of the University could so well inspire him with the sentiments of deference and respect it was necessary he should entertain towards those to whom he was to be indebted for his classical improvements. Dr. W. frequently observed that Lord North in the early part of his life was of a frank and affable disposition; much devoted to societies of conviviality and pleasure. His Lordship's political sentiments, at this period, were founded on the most patriotic principles. A logician, and skilled in disputation, he was possessed of acquirements which rendered him respected. He was partial to Dr. Wilmot's company, whose friendly admonitions, and enlivening conversation, were always acceptable to him. Ever alive to the talents and to the integrity of his preceptor, his lordship

would frequently say, “ how enviable is
 “ the disposition of a Wilmot !” But Lord
 North was of a fickle and impatient temper, which sufficiently shewed itself during
 his subsequent administration.

Although he always treated Dr. Wilmot
 with respect, and frequently invited him to
 his dinners, yet he so greatly resented the
 advice given him in private respecting some
 ministerial arrangements, that he withdrew
 his attentions with cautious circumspection.
 “ The sincerity of patriotic feeling seldom
 “ actuates the intentions of ministers,” was
 frequently an expression of our author.
 “ I cannot be on terms of friendship with
 “ men, who sacrifice the interests of the
 “ country with impunity and ease.” A
 lover of peace, he reprobated the desolating
 principle of war—too often waged to serve
 the ambition of a designing minister—and
 would conclude his observations with the

following quotation, which alluded to the system of war entered into by a certain celebrated minister:

“ Whose laurels full of blood and blemish are ;

“ He only conquers who concludes a war.”

Dr. Johnson and our Doctor regarded each other with mutual esteem. Wilmot's society he declared afforded him the utmost satisfaction and pleasure. Our author, in the latter period of his life, often would expatiate on the goodness of Dr. Johnson's heart, and would say the world but superficially understood that great man's character. It considered him a cold-blooded cynic, while his soul was all urbanity and feeling. When at Oxford, Dr. Johnson greatly delighted in the society of his friends. Their evenings were usually spent in the company of the Poet Laureat. On these occasions, the genuine wit and classical refinement of our author distinguished those hours

which were pervaded by “ the feast of
“ reason and the flow of soul.”

It was seldom that Dr. Johnson distinguished any one by his friendship ; but once obtained, he manifested his regard on every occasion. During this intimacy, Mr. Wharton composed several essays on various subjects ; amongst the productions of his leisure hours was the “ Oxford Sausage.” Dr. Wilmot was a good poet, and one or two of the poems in that work were the production of his pen. He had an extreme antipathy to have any of his works ushered into the world, and observed, “ the sublimity of a Milton no character could approach ;—of what consequence would my publications be ? *The world is sufficiently crouded with the follies and stupidities of coxcombs.*”

Although his modesty, the concomitant of genuine ability, prevented his receiving public marks of the estimation in which he

was held ; yet the University was ever eager to testify their opinion of his transcendant talent. His ambition, as has been already mentioned, was great, and in the discourses which he had officially to deliver, no preceding preacher excelled him.

Dr. Johnson frequently submitted his writings to the perusal of Dr. Wilmot, prior to their going to the press. “ Wilmot’s criticisms are good ;” the moralist would say, “ I take notice the world likes what he approves.” Johnson was difficult of access : hence, his privacies were esteemed sacred. None but a few faithful friends were allowed to intrude on the hours of his retirement.

The situation of this learned lexicographer in respect to pecuniary circumstances, while at the University, was lamentable in the extreme. Dr. Wilmot has often observed to the editor, that “ he had seen the

greatest moralist this country ever produced, almost barefooted; and this too at a time, when his learning, talents, and principles, richly entitled him to the utmost preeminence of fortune, and the most illustrious patronage."

The soul of Dr. Wilmot was a most beneficent one. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than the performance of a generous action. Nobly supplied by means of his father's liberality, and deriving the greatest emoluments from his pupils at college, his resources enabled him to exercise his philanthropy. He paid the most unremitting attention to Dr. Johnson in his adversity, and studied daily, by every device, to lessen his pecuniary embarrassments. The excessive pride, which ever was Johnson's characteristic, rendered him averse to receive those benefits frequently offered by the hand of friendship. He courted no man's patronage; and,

having liberally expended what little his friends had supplied him with, he became at last reduced to great pecuniary difficulties.

A number of his friends, consisting of the most honorable characters then resident at the University, were desirous to serve him. Every offer of assistance, by way of loan, was so repugnant to the feelings of Dr. Johnson, that no measure to relieve his necessities met with the success their friendship warranted. He was even irritated, when his misfortunes became the subject of observation. His friends, Wharton, Wilmot, and some others, once consulted together how they should supply him with shoes, of which he had become in great want.

Unwilling to hurt the feelings of Johnson, by introducing the new shoes so that he might observe them, they prevailed on the bed-maker to place them at the bed

side about the time he was to retire to rest. On Johnson's returning to his chambers from the common room, he soon perceived the present intended for him. Without reflecting one moment, he kicked the shoes down stairs; to the regret of his listening friends. However hurt our author might be at this disappointment to his philanthropic intention, yet he expressed his admiration of his friend's conduct by observing,—“ I could have embraced him
 “ the moment he did so. The mind that
 “ is nobly proud and decided in the hour
 “ of extreme adversity should be venerated
 “ by mankind.”

The charitable feelings of Dr. Wilmot rendered him acutely alive to the misfortunes of his fellow men. It is true, he loved the pleasures of the table, and convivial enjoyments, but he never suffered them to overpower his reason, or get the better of his understanding! Nei-

ther did they close the avenues of his heart, for he frequently sought opportunities to benefit the unfortunate. Divested of every kind of ostentation, his charities were administered in the most private manner; and numerous were the applications which presented themselves to his benevolent notice.

In many of his conversations he would say, “ *We are not born for ourselves ;*
 “ *a philanthropic feeling towards our fel-*
 “ *low beings should continually animate our*
 “ *intentions. The Almighty demands we*
 “ *should return, with interest, the blessings*
 “ *he may have bestowed upon us. Thus,*
 “ *the rich are but the stewards of their*
 “ *possessions. To be religious, mortals*
 “ *must also be charitable. Religion and*
 “ *Charity were sisters of a birth.*”

Hence, it is evident, from these sentiments, that the most religious and conscientious rectitude marked all Dr. Wil-

mot's ideas; and such was the sincerity of his friendship, that when he heard or perused an ill-natured remark relative to any of his friends, it not only highly displeased him, but he treated the defamer with merited disdain.

He frequently would enlarge on the virtues of Johnson, and narrate, with infinite pleasure, various anecdotes tending to display the manly virtues of his friend.* Among them was the following. Johnson had a custom of throwing his hat in the air, whilst walking, if any thing occurred to pain his feelings. As he was passing, one morning, through the outer quadrangle of Pembroke College, a poor woman presented a petition, craving the subscriptions of the charitable, to enable her to bury her husband and two children,

* It is evident, from various epithets bestowed on the writer of the Letters of Junius, that Johnson was not in the secret of his friend, Dr. Wilmot, being the author.

of whom she had been just deprived. The acute, yet silent, grief, impressed on the care-worn countenance of the unhappy petitioner, so much affected the feelings of the moralist, that he placed in her hand the contents of his purse, the whole of his worldly wealth; and, rushing from the scene which had so sensibly affected him, continued to hurl his hat in the air, as he proceeded to his apartments. He secluded himself the whole of that day, not making his appearance till the hour of supper, and then entered the common room in a disordered and hurried manner, as if he was fearful his generous action had been discovered. “Such was the man,” said Dr. Wilmot, “whom the ignorance and injustice of mankind, entitled a misanthropist! Blush, ye defamers of a Johnson’s virtues!”

There was a decided feature in our author’s disposition which greatly elevated

him in the opinion of his acquaintance. Envy of the talents and acquirements of others had no place in his generous bosom. On the contrary, he would point out the merits of his cotemporaries, and generously endeavour to discover fresh beauties in their writings. His portraits, on all occasions, were the finest finishings of life, and the most accurate delineations of character.

Although well skilled in theology, Dr. Wilmot never introduced any religious controversy at his table. If such a circumstance ever happened, he would, if called upon, deliver his sentiments with candid liberality. He enlarged on no subject in vain; his arguments were conclusive, for truth was ever the regulator of his ideas. "In so enlightened an age," he would often say, "all religions should be tolerated;" observing, "That there were, in his opinion, various roads to a

“ better world, and that the mercy and
 “ benignity of the Divine Being, were
 “ such as to induce him to extend his pro-
 “ tection and fatherly love to all his crea-
 “ tures, and to provide for the eternal feli-
 “ city of the just, in a glorious kingdom to
 “ come. Every Protestant divine should
 “ assist in the progress of his faith as
 “ much as in his power; but when I
 “ reflect on the originality of matter
 “ and things, I am satisfied, the good
 “ Protestant and the good Catholic, &c.
 “ are the same characters, and will be
 “ equally entitled to the joys of immor-
 “ tality.”

The sermons of Dr. Wilmot, even in his
 advanced age, contained the most conci-
 liating and comforting breathings of a hu-
 mane heart. They expressed the senti-
 ments of hope, charity, and universal
 benevolence. They encouraged the most
 profligate to become proselytes to the di-

vine will. In these discourses, our author would expatiate on the intention of our existence; and would forcibly impress on the minds of his hearers, the certainty of a glorious resurrection to everlasting life! “ Love one another,” he would say, “ as
 “ the children of an excellent parent in
 “ Heaven : ye were all united in the ori-
 “ ginal dispositions of things. Man was
 “ not born to be the slave of man, but
 “ his brother in religious and civil af-
 “ fections.”

Dr. Wilmot was intimate with the Chancellor Northington, whose wife was sister to Lady Wright. His acquaintance with Sir James had existed from infancy; and although his interest with these friends was great, yet he never asked a favour for himself. Lord Northington used to call him the proudest fellow he ever knew. At this period, from the year 1760, our author was usually in London, occasionally visit-

ing Oxford for a day or two, and then returning to town. His residence was either at the mansion of one of his noble friends, or at an hotel in or near the Piazza, Covent Garden. Sometimes he would sojourn at Nando's Coffee-house, where he used to meet Mr. Thurlow, Counsellor Wheeler, Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Dunning. In the latter part of his life he would frequently mention these gentlemen, as well as Lord Shelburne and Mr. Fox, and used to dwell with much pleasure on the recollection, that he had lived in the intimacy, and had enjoyed the friendship of such men.

It was unquestionably about this period that he began to astonish the country with his observations on the times, under various signatures, but more particularly that of JUNIUS. The Letters of Junius have now, for forty years, been perused with delight by every lover of his country. The consti-

tutional knowledge, the patriotic principle, so firmly rooted in the mind of our author, (and which principle was well known, and well understood by his friends, many of whom are still living) the Letters of Junius clearly demonstrate. Let those who are eager to lick the dust under the very footstool of the throne, profit by the lesson that Junius inculcates. Let them peruse that *legacy* his patriotism has bequeathed the nation, and let them endeavour to become what they ought to be—honest men,—and true friends to their country! Let men in power recollect, that the spirit of independence, the glowing patriotism which animated the soul of Junius, may yet be found in kindred minds! The shade of that immortal patriot may yet watch round the sacred altar of our constitution, and may inspire thousands of freeborn advocates for constitutional reform, to rally round the national standard, and secure their mo-

narch from the vile machinations of ambitious, anarchical, and interested men !!!

Lady Plymouth, the mother of Lady Tilney Long, honored the Doctor with her confidential friendship. He venerated the virtues of that lady, and sincerely deplored her death, which took place about 1791. In the strictest habits of intimacy with the Earl of Plymouth, he had frequent opportunities of making himself acquainted with the excellencies of his lady's heart. She was wise, discreet, generous and amiable. Her pleasures were elegant, and the beauties of her person were only exceeded by those of her mind. She was the most exemplary wife, the most affectionate mother, and the sincerest friend. "Few were her equals," the Doctor would say, "Death has deprived me of my most valued friends."

On one occasion, while at Oxford, he was invited by Lord and Lady Plymouth,

along with his friend Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Dechair, one of his Majesty's chaplains, to join their party in an excursion on the river. The company had been on the water a very short time, when they were alarmed by the report of a gun. At the same instant, the contents of a fowling-piece, as it was found to be, were lodged partly in the left eye of Mr. Dechair, and partly in the loins of one of the rowers. The agony and distress of the wounded sufferers were extreme. Lady Plymouth, though much affected by the accident, evinced great fortitude on the occasion. She assisted to bind up the eye of Mr. Dechair, and by every means in her power to alleviate his sufferings. When they landed, however, her feelings overpowered her; she fainted in the arms of her friends, and was conveyed to Oxford in a state of insensibility.

Lord Plymouth procured the best surgi-

cal assistance for Mr. Dechair, but it was impossible to save his eye. This unfortunate circumstance greatly distressed all the party, particularly Dr. Wilmot, who respected his friend. As a proof of the Doctor's disposition, it may not be amiss to observe, that his goodness of heart particularly manifested itself during Mr. Dechair's confinement.

The anguish arising from the wound, was so great as to occasion Mr. Dechair to be blindfolded. His studies during that period must have been entirely at a stand, had not Dr. Wilmot dedicated two hours every morning to assist his progress in them. Dr. Wilmot ever continued his friend, and introduced him to Lord Ilchester one evening, in a box at the theatre at Bath, where Mr. Dechair had a curacy. His lordship spoke to Lord North, and the livings of Horley and Hornton were, in consequence of this introduction, conferred on him.

Dr. Dechair generally, two or three times in the year, was accustomed to visit his old friend Wilmot, at his rectory of Barton-on-the-Heath, where he would remain with him a week at a time. He married Miss Wentworth, the daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, aunt of the present Viscount Dudley and Ward. His death occurred a few years ago at Bath, at an advanced age.

Of too honest a temper to disguise his sentiments, and having accustomed himself to deliver his opinions freely and candidly, Dr. Wilmot sometimes displeased several of his acquaintance by the admonitions he ventured to bestow ; more particularly when he conceived their actions reprehensible or unjust.

In the height of Lord North's ministerial career, there was a prominent feature in his conduct, which Dr. Wilmot beheld, to use his own expression, with amazement and concern. His Lordship's obstinacy of

disposition, and evident indifference to the welfare of the empire, were viewed with chagrin by the patriotic eye of our author. The political conduct of the minister was so much at variance with the constitutional opinions of the Doctor, as to call forth from his manly and able pen such just censure, such glaring truths, as covered the ministerial party with fear and confusion.

“ Lord North’s popularity will be short-lived,” he would observe to his brother, “ although I once considered him a rising sun in the political hemisphere. But the glorious expectancy has vanished, and with it my own Mitre. I shall never, Bob,” (so he named his brother), “ become a Bishop. The men in office, and the men out of place,” he would frequently say, “ are distinct characters. The loaves and the fishes are agreeable to all statesmen. Every age has demonstrated the truth of my remark.”

In discoursing of the late Earl of Chatham, Dr. Wilmot did every justice to the splendid abilities, and patriotic virtues of that great character. The talents of Lord Chatham were brilliant; but his integrity and honor accorded but little, Dr. Wilmot said, with the venalities of his competitors. While he was one day reading a speech of that great statesman, he laid down his file of newspapers, and exclaimed—“ *Aye, he was indeed a Giant amongst “ Babies !”* But when the name of Lord Shelburne * was mentioned, whose administration was one of his most favorite political subjects, an evident complacency of manner, and the most energetic language, distinguished his discourse. “ I have had “ the happiness of knowing *some* of the

* The Editor, from having perused several of Lord Shelburne's letters *after the decease* of her uncle, a few years back, fully possessed herself of some most important secrets as to the politics of that nobleman, who so distinctly opposed the enemies of the kingdom's prosperity.

“ greatest men of the age,” he would say,
 “ but few noble personages with whom I
 “ have been acquainted possessed a Shel-
 “ burne’s mind. No degree of corrup-
 “ tion, however refined and subtle its
 “ tendency, could at one period of his ex-
 “ istence have contaminated his sentiments.
 “ I then considered, that firm as a rock,
 “ he would stand unshaken amidst the
 “ impelling fury of contending seas ; and
 “ that he would live and die a patriot,
 “ his country’s well - wisher and steady
 “ friend ; the patron of learning, and
 “ the benefactor of the unfortunate sons
 “ of men. The character of his Lord-
 “ ship (said the Doctor) will at a future
 “ period be comprehended. The laurels
 “ of others did not decorate his temples !”

Nothing could be more elegant or enter-
 taining than the Doctor’s delineation of
 character. Mankind had been his unceas-
 ing study, and the injustice of men was
 the continued object of his reprehension

and pity. Upon most occasions, in the latter part of his life, he candidly delivered his political opinions. Through life, when engaged in any justifiable measure of a political tendency, if the community at large was to be benefited by his exertions, no persuasion, no entreaties of relative or friend, could change his purpose. Having once formed his opinions, he was resolute in maintaining them. This firmness of soul, this inflexibility of temper, when he was acting conscientiously, regulated all his actions. He would observe frequently, "A man should ever have a will and an opinion of his own !—I have *twice in my life been insulted*, where I the least expected venality to have manifested itself !*"

* The Chaplaincy to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was proposed, with a handsome salary, for our author. Some packets of consequence were entrusted to his care, and he visited Dublin, 1769 ; but returned to England disgusted by the features of things. Much might be said on this subject by the Editor. Dr. Wilmot was not above three weeks absent from England.

Those characters who unfortunately evinced a fickleness of temper, Dr. Wilmot, ever deemed incompetent to the management of their own affairs. Persons who were credulous and artful, he never willingly a second time associated with. “ If chance conducts me,” he has observed, “ to the presence of a knave or a fool, I remove myself as soon as I possibly can, from his inconsistency or roguery.”

With all these features of sense and discretion, Dr. Wilmot had his faults ; yet they were faults which shewed to greater perfection the virtues he possessed. His temper was impetuous, absolute, and determined. Having formed his opinion, no alteration produced by time or circumstance could change it. Neither trouble nor labor were to him obstacles to the accomplishment of any object, to which his vigorous and active imagination prompted him. “ Truth, courage, and justice,” he often said,

“were his staves of strength;” and although age and rheumatism greatly reduced his bodily powers during the latter period of his life, the energies of his mind ever retained their pristine vigor.

Whenever he talked of dying, it was in so cheerful a way, that any one, hearing his sentiments on that subject, would have supposed he was describing the most felicitous event of his life. “I cannot eat my cake and have it!” he would sometimes jokingly exclaim, and then raising a glass of his favorite port to his lips, thus address his surrounding friends, “Here, Sirs, is to our friendship, and a happy meeting in a better world.”

Conviviality and wit were the continual inmates of his circle. He was sumptuous at his table, and liberal with his wine. When alone he invariably drank his bottle. He disliked white glass decanters, and would always have his wine poured into a

clean common green bottle, which was named *Cicero*. “ I like my wine,” our author would say, “ and I do not chuse to “ be admonished by the transparency of “ my decanter.” He once jokingly told his niece Olivia (the editor of these memoirs), that Jedediah Buxton, the famous calculator, had informed him, that he had drank a sufficient quantity of port to drown himself, at a *bottle a day*.

In his person, Dr. Wilmot was remarkably neat and cleanly. Regularity and order were observable in all his domestic arrangements: nothing could ever be perceived out of place or slovenly at the Rectory. His habits of every kind were exceedingly impressive and edifying: his deportment and manner the most gentlemanly and dignified. He was critically severe to his own sex, wherever he perceived any tendency to sloth, or inattention to

decorum and neatness. To females he was ever gentle, and compassionate to their errors.

But nothing displeased him so much as the tales of a gossip, more particularly when they tended to depreciate any female character. He had an excessive dislike to Boarding Schools, and kept his niece constantly under his own care. If, at any time, he beheld her unemployed in study previous to the dinner-hour, which was usually at four o'clock, he would admonish her with parental regard, and impress on her youthful mind the value of time. Under the direction of her uncle she daily read poetry, history, and classical productions. On such occasions the ordeal was a trying one. His ear was correct in the extreme, and the most trifling error of pronunciation did not escape his attention. When he had no company with him in the evening at the Rectory, his amusements were chess or

cribbage. The first game, he used to say, taught his niece lessons of foresight and precaution, and the latter would instruct her to be a ready calculator.

Whilst playing at chess, his niece would tremble with apprehensive anxiety. Although she was only fifteen years of age when Dr. Wilmot conceived her to be perfectly acquainted with his favorite game, yet the most trifling error or mistake greatly displeased him. "Niece, you do not reflect," he would say: "silly persons should never attempt chess. I have flattered myself you were anxious on all occasions to excel."

It had ever been his custom to rise early. The first thing he did in the morning, was to feed at the hall steps the pigeons and other birds of which he was fond; he would then go to the stable, and look at his two favorite horses. He always examined the state of the atmosphere, and

it was usual for him, at breakfast, to say what kind of weather was approaching.

The moment the breakfast was finished, which, excepting when there was company, never exceeded half an hour, the studies of the morning commenced. He usually wrote, for his niece, an essay upon some classical, religious, or moral subject : this he would give to her for her contemplation and written remarks ; and, if the morning was fine, would walk in the garden or fields, to afford her time and opportunity to perform the task with advantage, and without interruption. On such occasions, it was remarked by Miss Wilmot, that if the subject was a complex one, the Doctor would regulate accordingly his return to the room in which she was studying ; always adapting his absence to the nature of the task he had engaged her in.

Whenever his niece succeeded in any of

these literary attempts, she was, all that day, styled by her uncle, *young Noll*; a pet name he was fond of distinguishing her by, when in a very gracious humor. If Dr. Wilmot considered his niece had been indolent or spiritless in her compositions, he would be reserved and serious in his deportment towards her; and, if he had occasion to address her, would, with much ceremony, and in the most expressive manner, call her *Miss Wilmot*. But when he observed any sparks of genius to flow from her pen, he would encourage her, by some valuable present, to persevere in improvement.

Dr. Wilmot was well gifted with legal knowledge, and was fond of reading the productions of our most eminent lawyers. In his parlour were generally placed Coke on Littleton, Blackstone, Hale, Burn, and other writers on English jurisprudence.

He used to read and examine these books for hours, and to cause his niece to proceed progressively in their pages also. He was so well versed in law, that his niece frequently told her uncle, if he had adopted its profession, he certainly would have been *Lord Chancellor*. “ Alas, girl,” he would say, “ thy uncle’s fate “ has been, in some of its features, similar “ to that of poor Yorick. I have been “ will-o’-the-whisped through life by the “ most fallacious shadows ; but the period “ will approach when the king and the “ beggar will be equally provided for. I “ thank my God, I have experienced the “ disappointments I have done ; otherwise, “ the world would have been too agreeable “ to my senses : as it is, I have leisure to “ provide for my happiness in a world “ of reality and joy.”

Conversations like these, proved that

the Doctor had experienced disappointments in life; and that some of his noble friends had not been of too grateful a disposition. The attachment which Dr. Wilmot entertained for Lord Archer, rendered him extremely useful to the interests of that noble family. His spirit of independence is remembered with satisfaction, and imitated with enthusiasm, by many in his native county.

The Countess of H——, mother of the present Marquis of the same name, occasionally residing in the county of Warwick, was intimately acquainted with our author, and was well aware of the integrity of his disposition. His popularity in the county gave her Ladyship much concern; for she well knew that to the Doctor was owing the strength of the Archer party. She frequently corresponded with Dr. Wilmot, and in one of her letters she addressed him as follows:—

“ My dear Doctor,

“ Your inviolable attachment to the
 “ interest of the Archer family, evinces a
 “ greatness of soul that charms me. But
 “ what emolument or preferment will re-
 “ ward the great and unceasing exertions
 “ you have used in their favor? Consider
 “ well the conversation we last week en-
 “ tered into, and believe that, if you will
 “ devote yourself to the interests of *my*
 “ family, I will exert every degree of
 “ interest in my power, to facilitate your
 “ advancement in the Church, &c. &c.”

Dr. Wilmot respected Lady H——, but possessing the secret key of the Archer politics, and being firmly devoted to the interests of one or other of its illustrious family, he required not a single moment to decide on this curious subject. The same evening on which he received the letter of the Countess, produced the following answer.

“ Madam,

“ The exceeding honor of your
 “ Ladyship’s letter claims my sincerest
 “ acknowledgements. I feel satisfied, I
 “ may be a gainer by your Ladyship’s
 “ favor; but, even in that instance, I may
 “ be also a considerable sufferer. By de-
 “ serting the interest of my oldest and
 “ most esteemed friends, I should cer-
 “ tainly survive the good opinion of myself.
 “ —I have the honor to be, &c.”

Dr. Wilmot often declared, no woman possessed a more sensible and discriminating character than Lady H——. Her talents, he said, were brilliant, and that she was wise, ambitious, and wary, and owing to *her* management, arose the subsequent aggrandizement of the family.

The Margravine of Anspach, who, on her marriage with the late Lord Craven, resided at Coombe Abbey in Warwickshire, was also well known to Dr. Wilmot.

To the latest period of his life he would dwell on the surprising talents and uncommon genius possessed by this lady. Young, beautiful, and innocent, when ambitious policy consigned her to the arms of a husband indifferent to her charms, her fate was severe. Sorrow and disappointment blighted the prospects of her youth. Unmerited neglect, the sting of calumny, and the unfeeling conduct of many, caused her, early in life, to experience the keenest sensations of grief. The world is apt to chuse the superficial side of a question, and is but too often unwilling to make the most trifling allowance for the inadvertence of youth.

Dr. Wilmot used frequently to repeat several of her Ladyship's poetical effusions with much satisfaction. There was an originality in her manner, a feeling in her expressions, which interested and pleased him. He has assured his niece, that so

great were Lady Craven's abilities, that he once composed a sermon, which he preached in the church at Kenilworth, entirely from *her* ideas, with very few alterations, and even these of a trifling nature. Our author had the pleasure of administering the sacrament to Lord and Lady Craven, the first Sunday after their reconciliation; a circumstance from which he derived great satisfaction.

The person of Dr. Wilmot was moulded to the truest symmetry. Dignity and grace marked every action, and his features, the index of his soul, glowed with animation and truth. But being somewhat pitted with the small-pox, he would laughingly say, when with his convivial friends, "that his mother, during "her pregnancy, *had longed for a co-lander!*"

The Doctor was one of the most agreeable travelling companions in the world. His

conversation, at all times, was entertaining and instructive; but, on these occasions, his observations on passing occurrences were ever deserving of notice. Every nobleman's or gentleman's seat gave rise to some pleasing anecdote of its possessor; and he generally concluded his remarks, by elucidating the history, or tracing the origin of the rank of the family. An excellent genealogist, he understood perfectly the science of heraldry: and so great was his memory, that after having been once introduced to a person, he never forgot his name, however distant might be their second meeting.

When sojourning any time at an inn, he would behave with so much generosity, conduct himself with so much affability, and display so noble a spirit, that he was endeared to every one around him. Hence, his person was well known at all the places of resort on the road, and his appearance

was ever welcomed with satisfaction and joy. He never neglected to reward the services of the lowest menial, observing, “ it
 “ was to such persons the superior classes
 “ of society were indebted for the comforts
 “ they enjoyed at a distance from home.
 “ Gold and power, (he would say) in their
 “ plenitude, might command every thing;
 “ but what would their possessors accom-
 “ plish unassisted by the exertions of the
 “ inferior ranks of life? Could a prince
 “ make his own loaf, or a grandee roast his
 “ own mutton, or be possessed of a covering
 “ to his shoulders or a shelter for his head,
 “ if the labors and ingenuity of the more
 “ industrious part of mankind did not con-
 “ tribute to his wants?”

There was a club held at Oxford, stiled
 “ The Ugly Club.” The portraits of some
 of its members were ably delineated by
 Hogarth and Gainsborough, the latter of
 whom the Doctor acknowledged to be a

gentleman. A plan was concerted among several of the members of the University to caricature our author. A liberal recompence was promised Hogarth, if he succeeded in the attempt. Accordingly Hogarth was invited to dine three successive days with the party in which was included the Doctor. He sketched every person in the company, but the features of the Doctor were so varied, and his manner was so animated, that the patience of poor Hogarth was exhausted on the third evening. “D—n that man,” said the artist, “I never was so baffled in my life; it is absolutely beyond my skill to caricature such a countenance. His features are as variable as his wit.” Our author’s eye was a brilliant one. His eye-brow was continually in movement when speaking, and the fire of intellect ever beamed from his glance.

Dr. Wilmot and Hogarth were afterwards

very intimate, and continued good friends until the decease of the latter gentleman.

At the unfortunate period of Lord and Lady G——s separation, our author was greatly noticed by the D—— of C——; but his feelings being repugnant to some of the D——'s measures, he politely declined interfering in any of the perplexing circumstances which at that time engaged the public attention.

He had been on terms of intimacy with these noble persons, and was consequently much shocked, on hearing what had transpired of that unfortunate affair. Although he had determined on no account to interfere in such a delicate business, yet Lady G——, well aware of his benevolent disposition, entreated his friendly interposition, relative to some pecuniary arrangements which were negotiating between her Ladyship and Lord G——. Too noble to wound in the most trifling degree the

feelings of the unfortunate, and anxious that her ladyship might be relieved from the embarrassments her imprudent conduct had plunged her in, he acceded to her wishes. By every conciliating mode, and with all that consistency and honor the utmost integrity could adopt on such an occasion, he prevailed on Lord G—— to add to her Ladyship's pecuniary comforts more largely than he otherwise would have done.

Lady G—— afterwards presented the Doctor with a very handsome snuff-box, as a mark of her gratitude. It contained a small piece of paper, on which were written these words: “ I shall never forget your
“ generous conduct. I shall always recol-
“ lect your goodness.”

Lady Archer treated Dr. Wilmot also as a brother; and Miss West, her Ladyship's younger sister, always distinguished him through life by her friendship.

Lord and Lady Archer were extremely intimate with the Duke of C——. Dr. Wilmot was invited to perform the marriage ceremony between his Royal Highness and Mrs. Horton. As such a measure was very inimical to his sentiments, in order that his offices might not be required, he retired to the house of his sister, the wife of Captain Payne, and there secluded himself for some time. The morning after the solemnization of the marriage, he returned to the society of his fashionable friends. An extreme aversion to the Luttrell family, in all probability, regulated his conduct. Often, when advanced in the vale of years, he used to relate this circumstance, observing, “a
 “ mitre was then hovering over my head ;”
 “ however, I thank God,” he would exclaim,
 “ its temptations were triumphed over.
 “ The Luttrells were never intended for
 “ *royalty* ! but vanity and vice are the de-

“solating curse of other countries as well
“as my own !”

Dr. Wilmot entertained a most unconquerable aversion to Garrick ; he despised him for his meanness, and was well aware of his intriguing qualifications. He carried his dislike so far, that having visited Oxford with his niece, in 1791, to spend a few days with his worthy friend, the late respectable President of Trinity, Dr. Chapman, Miss Wilmot was attracted by a print of that great performer in a shop in the High Street, and purchased it. When she returned to Barton, she fixed the picture of Garrick on a wall of an apartment, covered with her own drawings. As soon as the Doctor perceived it, he desired it might not be placed by the side of Johnson’s portrait, which was hanging there ; “for morality
“and buffoonery are very distinct things,
“Olivia !” he observed. “That Garrick was

“ a man of no principle whatever: never
 “ let me see his picture again,” added he.

Nothing can more strongly mark his unconquerable antipathy to Garrick than the following anecdote. Mr. Thurlow, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Davy, and our author, were one evening supping at Nando's Coffee-house, kept by the mother of Polly Humphries, afterwards the companion of Lord Thurlow. Garrick that evening came very late into the Coffee-room, and seating himself in the next box to that in which they were assembled; he called for his wine in a very pompous manner. “ The vagabond smells of his trade,” exclaimed the Doctor. “ No, d—n him, he only stinks of his king of shreds and patches,” replied Mr. Dunning. “ True! he is the prince of *pismires*!” answered our author.

Garrick overheard a part of this discourse; but being so placed as not to be able to obtain a sight of their persons,

in a low tone of voice asked the waiter, "who those fellows were in the next box?" At the moment of his fancied importance, our author raised himself over the partition of the box, and enquired of the waiter what play was to be performed that evening at Garrick's house? "Jane Shore," replied the man. "Oh! then the mighty Garrick, perhaps, does not *perform* to-night! Well, well," continued our author, "the *spies* of crowned heads, or kings themselves, are not always in a humour to *entertain* the public." The just irony contained in these words completely disconcerted the hero of the buskin, and caused him to sneak out of the coffee-room, to which he returned no more that evening.

The administration of Lord North commenced in the manner his friends anticipated. Our author certainly might have attained the highest preferments, but

his steady adherence to principle made him unfit for a courtier. “ Honor and integrity,” he would say, “ were the conductors to every degree of moral happiness ; without such desirable virtues, the dispositions of men become impregnated with irremediable evils. As the brightest sun of a summer’s morn, so is integrity to the human mind : all that is great and glorious in man proceeds from its influence. To be truly wise, you must also be faithful in all the pursuits of life. Integrity occasions men to be zealous in their habits, whether connected with religion, or the moral exercises of the heart. True integrity of disposition will ever lead to earthly and heavenly honours ! Without such a recommendatory principle, men cannot be supposed worthy of trust or deserving of praise in the eyes of the impartial discriminators of their conduct. But few characters practise its

“ excellencies, or are sensible of its bless-
 “ ings. Flatterers usually pretend to this
 “ most admirable virtue, and fancy they
 “ possess what they never rightly under-
 “ stand. By so doing, they mislead the
 “ industrious, though ignorant, part of
 “ society; and afford the most poisonous
 “ examples for the imitation of the higher
 “ classes. That man who lives for his God,
 “ and is eager to possess the rewards of a
 “ future life, practices the nicest principles
 “ of integrity, until his emancipation from
 “ this transitory scene to a glorious hereaf-
 “ ter of promised happiness. Fortune may
 “ leave us, but what of that ! The blessings
 “ emanating from integrity are generally
 “ more desirable than the most lavish pro-
 “ fusion of wealth. The truly noble mind
 “ meets adversity with fortitude, and con-
 “ scious rectitude is a safeguard and pro-
 “ tection. Let no future period of your
 “ life, Olivia, erase these sentiments from

“ your remembrance. When I am no more,
 “ I trust you will be grateful for my anx-
 “ iety respecting your felicity, not only in
 “ this, but in a better and more desirable
 “ world.”

When our author expatiated on the beau-
 ties of truth, he would illustrate his re-
 marks by some of the finest quotations from
 the most eminent philosophers and sages.
 Nothing displeased him so much as a false-
 hood. Persons however superior in rank,
 who presumed to utter a fabrication tending
 to exalt themselves, or lower others in his
 opinion, were at all times subject to his
 serious reproof. He observed, “ that Lord
 “ Bacon was perfectly correct in his esti-
 “ mation of such vices ; for no noble or ge-
 “ nerous mind would be guilty of so mean
 “ a vice as detraction ; that the air and
 “ complexion of truth were assumed by
 “ many, until a nearer inspection of their
 “ principles afforded proofs of their defi-

“ ciency in that virtue. Truth ennobles all
 “ who obey its dictates, and bend to its do-
 “ minion. It leads to the pinnacle of
 “ worldly honor, and all its ways are the
 “ direct channels through which inde-
 “ pendence and comfort proceed. How
 “ interesting, how beautiful are the max-
 “ ims of truth. Its origin proceeds from
 “ eternity. It is a divine emanation from
 “ that eternal Being, who will reward
 “ those who practise it. With what admi-
 “ ration and respect did the sages of anti-
 “ quity adore its presence. The laws of
 “ Solon and Lycurgus particularly im-
 “ pressed on the minds of the Spartans a
 “ regard for this virtue ; it formed a part
 “ of their laws, and was implanted in their
 “ very existence. The wise and polite
 “ Athenians adored its principles, and, as
 “ long as they obeyed its dictates, were
 “ fortunate and happy. But these exam-
 “ ples are no longer recollected. The age

“ we live in affords but few such prece-
 “ dents; the overbearing tendency of a
 “ contrary principle proves, most distres-
 “ singly, the degeneracy of the times. It is
 “ gold alone that paves the way to honor
 “ and renown. Truth and integrity are
 “ almost out of date, and their protectors
 “ no longer exist among us. But all things
 “ will pass away ! Empires themselves
 “ will moulder in the dust ! Yet, amidst
 “ the wreck of nature, truth shall proclaim
 “ the glorious certainties of its power.
 “ Truth shall alone conduct you to the
 “ presence of Omnipotence, and shall up-
 “ hold you in the hour of awful and re-
 “ tributive justice. Never deviate from its
 “ precepts, but strengthen your inclina-
 “ tion by a steady adherence to its dic-
 “ tates.”

When speaking of the creation, his man-
 ner would become extremely animated.

Persuasion literally flowed from his lips.
“ The man,” he would observe, “ who
“ can for a moment doubt the reality
“ and existence of a Deity, must possess
“ not only an impotent, but a wicked mind.
“ The wonderful order and perfection
“ of all created things suffer no doubt
“ to remain in the breast of reasonable
“ conjecture, as to the omnipotence of
“ that great and merciful God, who rules
“ the universe. The miracles which have
“ proceeded from his hands testify the
“ greatness of his heavenly power. The
“ maniac and the fool may doubt the im-
“ mortality of the soul ; but the wise man
“ acknowledges with satisfaction and gra-
“ titude, the presence of that divine prin-
“ ciple within himself, which gives him
“ an assurance of life beyond the grave !
“ He anticipates, with a pleasing and
“ eager joy, the promised felicity of the

“ kingdom to come ; cherishing, in his
 “ deep remembrance, the sufferings of the
 “ Son of God ; and feeling fully confident
 “ in the glorious promises he has bequeath-
 “ ed to us, of our resurrection to his Fa-
 “ ther. The moral man must be a religious
 “ one, if endowed with the blessings of
 “ discernment as to the intention of our
 “ being upon earth !”

When discoursing at any time on the
 subject of his own death, he would observe,
 that he thought differently to what he
 used to do in the early part of his life.
 “ The experience I have obtained has
 “ been of a nature to afford me the
 “ most convincing and satisfactory proofs
 “ of the original intention of things.
 “ The visions of ambitious policy no longer
 “ interest my ideas. I perceive all things
 “ as they really are ; reflection, and the
 “ infirmities of age, unmask characters to

“ my view. I find that, in the meridian of
“ my days, I but superficially understood
“ the heart or the principles of man.
“ Alas ! that mortal lives too long, who
“ has acquired a thorough knowledge of the
“ devices and inconsistencies of mankind !
“ Formerly, I was for years very popular
“ in the world of rank ; but I have
“ scarcely recollected a friendship shewn
“ me by the great, which was not
“ repaid by some exertion of my own,
“ tending to their political or civil advantages.
“ Alas ! death has deprived me of
“ my most valued acquisitions. Yes ; it
“ is time I should commence my journey
“ to a better world. Life is now without
“ interest. The situation of things affords
“ me no genial hope. The wreck of
“ matter ; the great, the mighty change,
“ is rapidly approaching. Yes ! thrones
“ and empires ; each shall pass away, and

“ the affairs of the universe will undergo
 “ a total change. It is then the kingdom
 “ of God will be at hand.”

“ There is but one vacancy left in the
 “ rectorial vault of my church at Barton,”
 he would often say ; “ it will receive my
 “ bones !—But e’er they have mouldered
 “ into dust, the retributive period will have
 “ arrived, and a great and mighty change
 “ will appear—*the fate of Britain will have*
 “ *displayed its most striking features over*
 “ *the whole face of the globe*; yet I trust
 “ its glorious constitution will live for
 “ ever !”

When speaking of governors and rulers,
 he would say, that “ the first feature of
 “ a prince or sovereign should be wisdom;
 “ the second, justice; the third, mercy;
 “ and the fourth, universal philanthropy.”*

When conversing on the mischances

* A prince never sits so firmly on the throne, as when his subjects are easy, and take a pleasure in their obedience.

of life, he would declare, “ that to the indolence of most men their misfortunes should be attributed; procrastination being the forerunner of every human evil; and that a multiplicity of business could be easily accomplished, if persons were alive to the value of time. The delay of a few hours might change the tide of a man’s life, from the most promising prospects to a continuation of calamity and distress. Procrastination occasions most of the disasters we experience, as mortals, connected with worldly advantage: it is the thief, indeed, of time; and the wisest are those who never defer until the morrow, what can be accomplished to-day.”

When relating the particulars of his life, he would exclaim, “ that his fate was truly afflicting: for he dreaded outliving the independency of his country —the constitution he so adored, and

“ also the society of his dearest and most
 “ valued friends. But the progress of
 “ man is, at best, but a tedious and weary
 “ pilgrimage. Religion, however, is my
 “ consolation; and, like the noblest oak
 “ of the forest, her branches expand
 “ themselves a thousand ways to pour the
 “ balm of comfort into the heart of man.
 “ All who are her promoters, and wor-
 “ ship the true God, will be the certain
 “ inheritors of an everlasting life. It re-
 “ quires the strictest conscientious inten-
 “ tion to constitute a good Christian.”

He respected *all* classes of religion;
 never testifying any public or private an-
 tipathy either to the Catholic, Quaker, or
 Methodist. His mind was too liberal to
 possess intolerance, and he considered that,
 though different paths might be pursued,
 yet we should all unite in another and
 a better world, as the children of one
 father.

He disliked the society of those who were of a gloomy or sullen disposition. “ The
 “ most honest hearts,” he would say, “ pos-
 “ sessed the cheerfullest temper. To have
 “ a fear of God is necessary and just ; to
 “ despair of his mercies is criminality
 “ itself. Let us enjoy what Heaven has
 “ bestowed upon us with gratitude.”

“ Christians and Jews,” he observed,
 “ are fellow-men; but their inclinations
 “ and desires are totally opposite. The latter
 “ are almost the only people I have ever
 “ doubted. I could never place a confi-
 “ dence in them, although I have known
 “ one honest member of that body.”

Our author related a frolic in which Lord Plymouth, the Honorable Mr. Beauclerc, and himself were concerned, when spending a few days on board Captain Payne’s ship, which was lying off Gravesend. Mr. Fonseca a wealthy Jew and an eminent stock-broker, who was employed by many

noblemen as their agent in money concerns, received an invitation to join the party which he accepted; but when dinner was served up, to his great mortification, he found it to consist of nothing but pork dressed in various ways. This was a concerted plan, it being their intention to make Mr. Fonseca eat pork before he was suffered to land. The first day he managed very well, by dining off eggs and bread; but this being perceived by his tormentors, they prevailed on Captain Payne to unmoor his ship, and sail from Gravesend, to the dismay of the poor Israelite, who was seriously alarmed at being at a distance from land, and entreated in vain to be sent back to Gravesend. They however kept him on board for several days, protesting that if he would not dine with them, and partake of the pork, he should be conveyed to America, to which place Captain Payne was on the eve of sailing. Vexed,

tired, and harassed, Mr. Fonseca was necessitated to comply with their humour, and join in their repast; by which means he shortly after obtained his liberty, to the great satisfaction of Dr. Wilmot, who ever regretted having been made a party in the conspiracy against the Jew. A few years afterwards, he had an opportunity of making Mr. Fonseca a recompence for the trick which had been played him. Breakfasting with Lord Northington, the Doctor learned some important news which had just arrived: this he immediately imparted to Mr. Fonseca; who, in consequence, realised a considerable sum by speculating in the funds. The worthy Doctor still continued, however, to express his chagrin at the part which he had taken in the trick against him.

That Lord ***** and Lord ***** sometimes dabbled in the funds, was well known to Dr. Wilmot: Fonseca was em-

ployed by them ; nor was Lord North unknown to this accommodating Jew. The shameful venality which, at that time, prevailed, is too well known to be here mentioned or recalled to the public recollection. The letters ushered into the world under the signature of Junius, were meant, by Dr. Wilmot, to expose and reprove the harpies of corruption, and to open the eyes of a mistaken and an injured people. If the generous indignation of a Junius was roused to lash the vices of an inefficient ministry, in times which are past, what would have been his feelings, had he lived to witness the pursuance of systems tending to purloin the laurelled honors of a brave nation, drooping under the mistaken arrangements of her *political dictators*.

It is extremely singular to remark that our author has often declared, he knew but four honest men in the administration under Lord North. In his merry moments, he

would say, “ the *jackdaws* in office, during that period, were like the crows in Æsop’s fables, possessing themselves of the confidence of the kingdom by the medium of *borrowed talent*. There were but four among them who acted from the solidity and compass of their own judgment. It was impossible such an administration could last, or such imbecilities be tolerated. But the *rooks* had a good plucking, and the feathers of their corruption have been the kindlers of a flame which will extend itself to the farthest corners of the universe.”

A friend of the Doctor’s, from Oxford, one day dining with him in his advanced age, desired his opinion of Mr. Horne Tooke; “ Jesuits, Sir, have ever been my abhorrence,” he replied, “ juggling politicians my dislike! Mr. Tooke’s fame will be a diminishing one. A few years

“ will pass, and his name will be no more !

“ Burke had his faults likewise, and I

“ consider one national eulogium will

“ serve for them both.”

Dr. Wilmot considered Mr. Fox possessed of the most brilliant talents, and said he had once imagined him of too patriotic a character to join any party whose political opinions were not congenial to his own. But his mistaken political coalition with Lord North was much reprobated by him, and no one felt this apostacy more than he seemed to do. He deprecated every measure of that fatal period as being pregnant with disaster and disgrace, and would express to the last day of his life his sentiments respecting the American War, which he said was a war *of brothers and friends, not of men and nations !*

He has often observed, that self-interest frequently destroyed the friendship of a long life; that it was impossible to detail how fully

Lord North and Mr. Fox sincerely detested each other, notwithstanding ambition, and the love of power, so assimilated their public measures to the demands of their *private* interests. Relying on the docility of those who were obedient to their views, and presuming on the credulity of *** ***, they dared to manifest a disposition the most detrimental to the interests and welfare of the kingdom. Talents and honesty being found in a pining state, encouraged the slaves of power to the commission of acts, which did not more effectually criminate their predecessors, (who have set them such pernicious examples), than strike at the prosperity and freedom of man. “ But, “ let the stream flow,” said the Doctor, “ it “ will reach *its parent waters at last !* ”

Dr. Wilmot frequently acknowledged, that it was some of the nearest connections of Lord North, who invariably opposed every political system he adopted, the

Bishop of Winchester being almost the only person of his family who remained faithful. The intrigues of his enemies were greatly accelerated by the insincerity of many of his supposed friends. “ The “ minister,” said Dr. Wilmot, “ who depends on the talents of others, cannot be “ considered in an enviable situation of “ national security. Had Lord North “ been more guarded in his confidence, “ he might have been spared a considerable “ degree of chagrin ; nor would public “ opinion have testified so much opposition “ to his measures.” Our author respected various traits in his Lordship’s private character, although he always condemned in the severest terms the errors and the misconceptions of his ministerial life.

That Dr. Wilmot was acquainted with the daily occurrences in the political world is well understood, not only from his Letters of Junius, but from his observations in pri-

vate life. The Duke of Grafton had too many confidants. Our author was intimate with one of his Grace's most secret advisers. Mr. Wilkes also knew the same gentleman : and was *privately* intimate with the Duke's favorite mistress, the celebrated Nancy Parsons.*

While his Grace was engaged at the helm of State, and his time occupied in his official department, the Hon. H. B. was enjoying the delights of his domestic arrangement. Every evening that gentleman made it a point to visit his political friends, and acquaint them with what he had collected during his hours of amusement at Grafton House. Not a circumstance occurred, which the Doctor did not obtain a knowledge of from his honorable friend : and independent of these particulars, which were often mentioned by him when conversing

* A certain nobleman, one of the ablest Statesman of his day, also shared the fair Nancy's favors.

on the perplexities of the Cabinet at that period, several letters on the subject, burnt by his express command, but previously examined into by the editor, corroborated the whole. One of them written by Mr. Wilkes, contained these remarkable words. “ *Dear Sir, Your labors are indefatigable: the integrity of your mind can only be equalled by the excellencies of your reproof. Proceed in the noble cause you have undertaken. Be in letter or person to-morrow at the Piazza at eleven. D. and S.* will be there.*”†

In some letters written by a Lady in high life, political subjects were the theme of correspondence. Not less than fifteen epistles were from a member of the Bedford family, who was well known to Lady Archer.‡ It appears that her Ladyship’s

* Dr. Wilmot knew Mr. Sawbridge.

† All Mr. Wilkes’s letters were deprived of their cover. Dated Princes Court, or Paris.

‡ One of the Lord R——s.

pen was employed by her Lord, such letters usually beginning with “ my Lord has received your’s of such a date,” or “ my Lord is anxiously awaiting your answer, &c.” In one of these letters there was an invitation to sup at Lord Northington’s.

Many letters were signed *D.* and *C.* and *R.* merely appointing meetings at the Coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, as well as in St. James’s Street, and Nando’s.

It has been ascertained as early as 1767, that Lord North and our author had several political correspondences ; and several of his Lordship’s letters were written with evident regret for the diminution of his friendship. He concluded one of them as follows :
 “ I have misunderstood your political intentions greatly ; but the integrity of your conduct to your noble friend assures me you will pardon my credulities.”

In several of the notes of invitation

sent by Lord Northington to Dr. Wilmot, a kind of cypher was used, chiefly in the postscript. It is impossible to comprehend the character. The editor has a copy of some of these characters in her possession.*

Mr. Dunning entertained the highest regard for our author. In many of the letters he addressed to the Doctor a Lord S. was mentioned; but whether Lord Sondes or Lord Shelburne, it is impossible for the

* The letters of Lord George Sackville were very elaborate and full of matter; it appeared to the editor, that Lord George and her uncle had been long confidentially intimate and in the habit of travelling together at different periods of their lives. Much was written in Latin, and also in Greek.

In a letter dated 1769, he cautioned Dr. Wilmot to be careful of some W——, and particularly alluded to some spirited essay of Dr. Wilmot's pen. "I do not consider," said his Lordship, " * * * * * your partiality blinds you, " you have little cause to be so great an advocate—recollect " the conclusion of last year. Dine with me to morrow at " Lord A.'s—but tell them B. will not be at the table."

Other *private matters were touched upon* in Lord Sackville's letter, of a nature humiliating to many an illustrious *political character of his day*.

editor to decide, as both those noblemen were intimate with Dr. Wilmot; although the peculiar circumstances might warrant the conjecture of its having been the latter nobleman.

The hand writing of Mr. Dunning had the neat stile usually observable in law writings. The editor perfectly recollects an allusion in one of them to some suit respecting a Lord C——, and desiring Dr. Wilmot to meet him as usual, at the residence of Mr. H. B.*

About seventy letters,† written in a light running hand, were sealed with the royal

* Either old Harry Bathurst, afterwards Lord Apsley, or Henry Beaucherc.

† In one of the letters signed Dunning, written to Dr. Wilmot, the editor particularly recalls to her recollection, the followiug sentiments. “ *The discovery is painful*—there is
“ no trusting to their assurances—I commend the determina-
“ tions you have made—I will endeavour to amaze them by
“ the exposure of their fallacies. Write no more—leave
“ them to their fate.—Your faithful friend, &c.”

arms. There were also several in the Latin tongue, which were carefully wrapped in slips of paper, on which were remarks in the same language in the Doctor's hand-writing. These were sealed either with an antique head of Cleopatra, or some other female character. Sometimes the seal consisted of arms with a crest ; and at other times, with a coronet over the letter S.

Several letters also in a similar hand-writing, in English, had a plain S. only. Had it been possible to have supposed that Dr. Wilmot was the author of Junius,* the editor of his memoirs would have been more particular in her inspection of these letters, previously to their being committed to the flames.

There were several letters written in cy-

* The editor saw by the letters she inspected, that her uncle had been confidentially trusted by some of the greatest political characters of the age, and engaged in some private political concerns of national consequence.

pher, and sealed with very full arms. In the shield were two or three lions, quartered in the bearings. Several curious seals are deeply impressed on the recollection of the editor; one was Love riding on a large animal, finely cut, and another represented the offerings of three figures at an altar.

The year previous to the editor's marriage, when she was at Barton, nearly eight hundred letters were taken out of a sealed bag, and burnt by her in the presence of her uncle. There were an immense number from Lord Archer, and likewise from Lords Foley, Bathurst, Abingdon, and Sondes; and also from Henry Beauclerc, John Wilkes, and Lord Rockingham.

The editor has great reason to believe that Mr. Wilkes and Mr. (afterwards Lord) Thurlow, were very closely allied in friendship, long previous to the latter receiving the Seals. In several of Mr. Wilkes's letters to Dr. Wilmot, there were appointments

for meetings with Mr. Thurlow and himself, either at the house of Mrs. Humphries, or Dolly's chop-house. The Piazza coffee-house was also frequently mentioned.*

His niece has often asked the Doctor whether he had not been engaged privately in some political department? On being thus questioned, he would smile, and answer cautiously, and in an indirect manner not very usual with him. During the fourteen days the editor was employed in looking over the letters, while she remained at the rectory in the year 1798, her uncle would sit with her until dinner time, taking all those having the same seal, which his niece had collected, and throwing them into the fire. At one time he used the following remarkable expression — “ *I*

* Mr. Wilkes might only have known Dr. Wilmot in his own character—not as *Junius*. That the Doctor could keep a secret better than most men, his living friends can prove.

“ *want, Olivia, ONE PAPER, of more consequence to others than to myself.*”*

When in a pleasant humour any thing might be said to him without his being offended. Seeing letters from so many women of rank and fashion, his niece would good-naturedly rally him on his female correspondents, and ask him who the

* Mrs. Serres recollects reading the Life of Bampffield Moore Carew, the King of the Gypsies, to her uncle ; and, that she expressed her amazement at his *various frolics* with his friends, under the disguise of assumed characters ; observing, such matters appeared incredible. “ Poh, poh, you are a novice, Noll,” said he, “ you do not know the world. I once corresponded nearly three years with a very intimate friend, whom I was in the habit of frequently visiting ; yet he never once suspected I was his monitor ; and would, if engaged in reading my epistles at the time of my visiting him, most carefully remove such papers from a likelihood of observation, assuring me the most important matters were occupying his attention ; — to my no small satisfaction. Upon such occasions it required all the gravity I was master of to keep my countenance, and refrain from a hearty laugh.”

lady was whom he most esteemed in life?
 “ My dear niece,” he would say, “ do not
 “ recal to my remembrance the virtues of
 “ her whose loss I shall ever deplore—I
 “ have never admitted a second affection
 “ to my heart.—No ; the excellencies of
 “ her I so truly venerated, are for ever
 “ engraven there.” After such a declara-
 tion he would be serious for a considerable
 time.

In every part of Dr. Wilmot’s disposi-
 tion he was decidedly sincere. No light
 or airy caprice lessened the uncommon ener-
 gy of his mind. Where he had once fixed
 his regard, it was fixed for life ; for he
 never formed a friendship until intimately
 acquainted with the temper and pursuits
 of those who were ambitious to possess his
 good opinion.

He often observed, that the administration
 of Lord North was a most turbulent pe-
 riod ; that almost every member of the

cabinet acted on his own separate plan, and was usually counteracting the measures of the others. It was fully intended, Dr. Wilmot often said, to make Lord North, and the Dukes of Bedford and Grafton, tired of and disgusted with their political situations.

He would observe, that Lord Chatham always disliked these noblemen, and that the opinions of Lord Camden privately coincided with the measures of Lord Shelburne. But the wisdom of those noblemen was such, that they contrived to effect many of their designs, without betraying to the world the activity of their measures, when opposing Lord North's administration.*

* When the Princess of Poland visited England, Dr. Wilmot attended her to the University. She valued our author exceedingly during her residence in England, and invited him to the court of Poland; she frequently corresponded with him, after her departure from this kingdom.

Our author would speak with caution and reserve on these subjects ; but to several of his friends, from whom he had no concealments, he would give his sentiments in his usual candid and independent manner. Many of these friends are yet alive, particularly his old and valuable college-friend, the Rev. Mr. Whitmore, brother-in-law to Mr. Lechmere, of Hanley Castle, Worcestershire. This gentleman has often declared, that Dr. Wilmot might have obtained whatever he pleased in high life, from his connections with some of the most celebrated characters of the age, both literary and political, but that his spirit was too lofty and independent to court the favor of the great.

Were it not for wounding the feelings of some aged and venerable characters, much might be said regarding the politics of that day. But, at a future period, some other light may be thrown on the *whys*

and *wherefores* of Lords Chatham, Camden, and Shelburne.

A lady* nearly connected with the Bedford family knew Dr. Wilmot exceedingly well, honored him with her confidential regard; and entertained the highest opinion of his understanding and worth. Being unhappily situated, she frequently consulted him on her family concerns. She was also intimately acquainted with Lady Plymouth, the mother of Lady Tilney Long. The Doctor would frequently breakfast with her when in town, when she would relate to him the sufferings she was laboring under, which may account, in some degree, for the severity of his animadversions on the political conduct of her father-in-law. Her notes were all sealed with a coronet over a T. and generally contained invitations to Dr.

* The Marchioness of T——.

Wilmot. He would observe to his niece, while she was arranging the letters for destruction, “ There were no secrets ; her “ Ladyship had too much good sense and “ prudence to commit her concerns to “ paper.” The hand-writing was very neat and legible.

In the year 1773-4, our author, on a sudden, became disgusted with the world ; about that period, death depriving him of many of his most distinguished friends, he was induced to go into retirement. The more so, as he had, by his liberal style of living, greatly exceeded his income. His generous and independent mind ill accorded with the fluctuating smiles of fortune. Some political disagreements prompted him to examine the principles of pretended friends, and the reflections he made on their conduct, afforded him, as he said, no satisfactory ideas or prospects. He

determined to be independent in mind, as well as fortune, and to rise superior to every degree of chagrin or regret. "There is no placing any confidence in man," he would say, when entreated to enter again into the bustle of the great world. The honest principles which he possessed, also demanded immediate attention to his pecuniary concerns. Accordingly, he made a most judicious arrangement, and resolved to reside with his mother, in the society of his Warwickshire friends, until he should free himself from his pecuniary embarrassments.

When speaking of the Rev. Edward Whitmore, who is still alive, the Doctor would frequently assert, that he might have been made one of the highest dignitaries of the Church, had not his independence displeased several of those who were distinguished as much by their political si-

tuations as by their exalted rank in life. Like the attachment of King Charles to the society of Rochester, although the monarch dreaded his favorite's wit ; so the acquaintance of our author, although they trembled under the lash of his satire, and were awed by the keenness of his criticisms on the general tenor of their political principles and conduct, yet constantly courted his society!

The Lady of the Earl of Plymouth continued to be one of the Doctor's greatest friends. When discoursing of this Lady, he would generally dwell upon the excellent qualities of her head and heart. She was beautiful, virtuous, and discreet. Her amiable manners and dignified deportment towards her equals and superiors, rendered her one of the first female characters of the age she lived in. The Doctor likewise greatly esteemed her sisters, the Ladies Sondes and Winterton. No transaction

affecting the interests of these noble families was withheld from his confidence. Nor did the daughters of Lady Plymouth neglect the venerable friend of their departed parents, when it pleased Divine Providence to deprive him of his sight. Lady Sarah Crespigny the sister, and Mrs. Fullarton the daughter of Lady Elizabeth Townsend, paid him also every kind of attention. Being his neighbour at Barton, they generally paid him morning visits at least two or three times a week. He did not latterly enjoy the company of Lady Tilney Long; but he frequently observed that Lady Catherine Windsor possessed a very superior judgment, and had exhibited marks of strong sense, and refined taste from an early period of life. Captain Windsor, for some years, lived near to the Doctor, and frequently visited him on terms of the greatest intimacy. Nothing indeed conduced so much to his happiness, as the attentive regard

evinced by the Plymouth family, whom he loved with almost parental affection.

Mr. Sheldon, of Weston House, Long-Compton, was also a friend of Dr. Wilmot. He was a gentleman whose public and private virtues were held in great estimation by our author. At all times, he was much gratified when favored with Mr. Sheldon's visits, and would dwell with much pleasure, when absent, on the generosity of his character.

The Rev. Mr. Willes, of Cherrington, near Barton, the younger son of Lord Chief Justice Willes, had been the companion and friend of the Doctor from early age. Residing within a few miles of each other, the most friendly intercourse existed between the families. Every thought of the Doctor's was known to Mr. Willes. He considered Mrs. Willes one of the first of women in point of virtue, as a mother, a wife, and a friend. "She is a pattern

“ to all the women in the world,” he would say, “ wise, faithful, affectionate, “ and sincere ; I never discovered a “ single fault in her mind or disposition.” One of the greatest pleasures he experienced, during the latter period of his life, was the society of Mr. and Mrs. Willes. Friendship and hospitality, with their attendant cordialities, always welcomed our venerable author, whenever he appeared at Cherington. Mr. Willes, for several years previous to his death, enjoyed but an indifferent state of health ; yet Dr. Wilmot declared the sallies of his wit were like the sparklings of the finest champagne.

He was well acquainted with the Lord Chief Justice ; and when Mr. Willes departed this life, his loss was greatly lamented by his faithful friend ; on the day of his interment, our author was observed to shed tears. His anguish must have

been severe, as he exclaimed, “ It is time
“ that I should wish the world good night;
“ for the most faithful friends of my bo-
“ som are almost all elevated to a situation
“ of superior felicity ; while I, a solitary
“ sojourner here, live to deplore their
“ loss.”

Although the temper of Dr. Wilmot, within a few years of his death, became very irritable and tenacious, yet when he entirely lost his sight, the true sense of religion so governed his thoughts, that he permitted no murmurings to escape his lips, relative to the greatest human calamity that could befall him. “ Am I not very
“ aged,” he would often say, “ and is not
“ the blessing of every other sense per-
“ mitted me, why then should I be dis-
“ satisfied with the dispensations of my
“ gracious Father above ?”

Abhorring all bigotry in religion, he entertained in his heart the noblest of its

sentiments. Of too generous and sincere a disposition to endeavor, by sophistry, to mislead the erring mind, he always studied the best mode of pointing out, for the practice of the uneducated, the easiest and most comprehensive manner of approaching their gracious Father in Heaven. When in his eightieth year, he would say, "That the most religious man must be the most moral. I have known some orthodox beings, who, religiously bigotted, have not possessed a particle of human benevolence or feeling, in the composition of their nature."

Dr. Wilmot was exceedingly fond of gardening, and was an excellent botanist. He would give to his niece the finest lessons of religion, as he carefully pointed out to her notice the wonderful formation of each flower and shrub that engaged his attention. He would lead her, progressively, to the presence of her Creator, by

explaining to her the miracles which proceeded from his hands. Then, raising his expressive eyes to Heaven, “ When, Olivia,” he would exclaim, “ we behold
 “ the beauties of the rising sun, and
 “ trace his daily career through the cloud-
 “ less hemisphere, who can see such glories
 “ without most gratefully acknowledging
 “ the existence of an omnipotent God !”

It seems as if every degree of useful knowledge was eagerly desired by his capacious mind. His eloquence was so flowing and graceful, particularly when giving any dissertation on nature, religion, history, or philosophy, that he impressed on the minds of those who listened to his observations, the utmost reverence and belief.

During the best part of Dr. Wilmot’s life he frequently preached before the University; and it is recollected by many living characters, that on such occasions

the most crowded audiences testified their admiration of his talents and eloquence. He seems to have been born for the service of others, totally regardless of his own transcendent abilities; and possessing that innate modesty, which is ever attendant on real merit, he labored to procure for others, high and important situations, which he might otherwise have secured for himself.

Dr. Wilmot was generally entreated to take the chair at political meetings either at Oxford or in the county of Warwick, whenever he was at any of those places. His brilliant flow of wit, his independent spirit, and his acknowledged integrity, caused in his very enemies an anxiety to hear and enjoy his lively flashes and merri-ment.

Dining with a large party at one of the race dinners at Warwick, Lords Grosvenor, Craven, and Archer being present, request-

ed the Doctor to take the chair. He did so, and immediately after dinner, their Lordships proposed a toast, prefacing it by observing, that Dr. Wilmot, from his religious calling, must be extremely charitable, and consequently a great promoter of philanthropy and feeling towards mankind. "We propose," said their Lordships, "the health of all the poor w—s in Great Britain." The Chairman, clearly comprehending their intentions, which were to create a laugh against him, determined to turn the tables on them. Filling his glass, he rose, and addressed the company, by saying, "I have, Gentlemen, the honor to give you the toast of my *noble friends*, with a trifling amendment of my own. Gentlemen, here's to the health of all the poor w—s of Great Britain, not forgetting the *rich* ones." It is impossible to describe the effect of the amendment. The roar of laughter continued for a con-

siderable time, accompanied by the applause of the whole company. The witty manœuvre of the Doctor, occasioned every glass to be emptied, and while the merriment continued, the noble Lords, feeling the cutting satire contained in the addition to their own toast, left the room, much displeased at the turn which had been given it. Although Dr. Wilmot had great reason to feel offended at the manner they had acted towards him as a clergyman ; yet, he kept his countenance, and never, during the whole of the evening, in the slightest degree, evinced any outward displeasure.

When talking of those who pretended to wit, he would say, that weak minds often had recourse to obscenity, in which they imagined, were sallies of humour. “ But “ men of real talents,” he would continue to observe, “ let down their buckets into “ more transparent waters.”

Whenever any one incurred his displea-

sure, he would say, " I'll raise a storm
" about their ears that shall make them
" tremble with a consciousness of their own
" guilt." Once he was exceedingly displeased
with his groom respecting the lameness and
illness of a favorite horse. The editor
never saw him more angry in her life. At
last the horse died. As the Doctor was
proceeding towards the stables in order to
reprimand the man for his neglect, by which
he had lost a valuable animal, he found the
poor fellow weeping over the dead horse.
The Doctor was possessed of feelings ; un-
like many others, he never talked, but
practised. The situation in which he saw
the servant arrested his intention of chiding,
it banished all anger from his mind. He
desired the man to bury the animal as soon
as he could, and to come to him when he
had performed that duty. The man's wife
had lately lain in, and the child was in a
state to be baptised. The poor man entered

his master's apartment with a sorrowful countenance. His looks greatly interested the Doctor, who immediately determined not to add to his present uneasiness. He therefore enquired if his child were not to have been christened that day, and gave him a guinea to regale on the occasion. "For this time, "I look over your neglect," said he to the rejoiced fellow; "but remember if ever you act so carelessly again, I shall immediately discharge you from my service." He then went into the room where his niece was sitting, observing, that Job had his trials as well as himself.

It will be hereafter detailed in these Memoirs, an account of a very extraordinary robbery which took place at the Rectory in the year 1791, by which many valuable effects belonging to the Doctor were plundered and lost. Amongst these, were various seals, watches and rings. Amongst the former was one, which our

author used to call his Junius, the impression of which seal the editor described so particularly and so clearly to Mr. Woodfall, that he confessed, without the least hesitation, he remembered a similar seal to have been affixed to the letters and other communications transmitted to his late father by the author of Junius: the impression on this seal was a head crowned with laurel. There was also another which represented a female head, with a very long neck, the description of which, when mentioned to Mr. Woodfall, he also remembered.

In regard to the impressions of seals on the letters addressed to Dr. Wilmot, there were many having mitres, and almost all with coronets. The following families, were among his correspondents.

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Members of the Royal | The Archbishop of Can- |
| Family. | terbury. |
| Tavistock. | Chatham. |

| | |
|---------------|----------------------|
| Dunning. | Neville. |
| Warwick. | Wren. |
| Plymouth. | Garth. |
| Rockingham. | Parr. |
| Say and Sele. | Child. |
| Archer. | Beaufort. |
| Onslow. | Dutton. |
| Wheeler. | Parker. |
| Shuckburgh. | Grosvenor. |
| Dartmouth. | Shelburne. |
| Aylesford. | Woodall. |
| Denbigh. | Ingram. |
| Willoughby. | Whitmore. |
| Foley. | Lechmere. |
| Bathurst. | Chambers. |
| Northington. | Dormer. |
| Wright. | Craven. |
| Ashburton. | Leigh. |
| Thurlow. | Ilchester. |
| North. | Bishop of Worcester. |
| Sackville. | Grenville. |
| Sondes. | Mordaunt. |
| Winterton. | Skepwith. |
| Abingdon. | Lawley. |
| Sheldon. | Townsend. |
| Mr. Wilkes. | Windsor. |

Dechair.
 Nichols, of Wells.
 Willes.
 Neve.
 Chapman.
 Hertford.
 Late Sir J. Dashwood.
 Johnston family.
 Pulteney.
 Moore.
 Wentworth.
 Lord Fitzgerald.
 Lord Lenox.
 Mr. Howard.
 Dr. Randolph.

Dr. Cook.
 Dr. Richards.
 Scott family.
 Biddulph.
 Newdigate.
 Spencer.
 Bishop Horsley.
 Dr. Neve.
 Dr. Price.
 Mr. Kett.
 Dr. Davy.
 Dr. Chapman.
 Dr. Leigh.
 Mr. Burke.

In the year 1769, Dr. Wilmot frequently resided at the house of his brother-in-law, Captain Payne, with whom a gentleman of the name of Fretland was on terms of intimacy. The Doctor was consequently much in his company, and, in a short time, they became exceeding friendly to each other. Mr. Fretland was a native of America, and had concerns in the West

Indies, from whence he frequently sent to his friend Dr. Wilmot various productions of that climate.*

A circumstance related by Dr. Wilmot, concerning Lord Northington, is strongly brought to the recollection of the editor. He had recommended the brother of a servant in his employ, to make some book-cases and shelves in his Lordship's family. This man's name was Middleton, and a cabinet-maker by trade; on beginning his work, his Lordship advanced him a hundred pounds, in order, as he said, "that no *rotten timbers* might be found in his house."

During the Chancellorship of Lord Northington, our author was well known

* This name is mentioned, as it induces a strong presumption that that of Fretly made use of by Junius in his private correspondence with Mr. Woodfall, might mean the same person; and that Junius, with his usual caution, had changed the last syllable to avoid discovery, even by his friends, with whom he daily communicated.

to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom he was a great favorite. His relatives and friends accordingly concluded that his elevation to episcopal dignity would certainly soon take place. When congratulated on these prospects, he would good-naturedly smile at the vivacity of their wishes, and say to them : “ As soon as
 “ I am really distinguished by a mitre, I
 “ shall then excuse the partiality you
 “ evince ; but until that period, I shall be
 “ obliged by your leaving my fortunes to
 “ the protection of Providence.”

One morning, when breakfasting with Mrs. North, the Bishop of Winchester's lady, on his return to the mansion of Lady Plymouth, he was earnestly entreated to write to Lord North, as a bishoprick was vacant. To the solicitations of his friends, he answered : “ My head
 “ is a square one, and all the mitres of
 “ Great Britain are round.” But indeed

so great was his political aversion to the politics of those days, that even had his wishes tended towards so high a preferment in the Church, he would, on no account, have accepted it from the hands of the men whose administration was the subject of his indignant and patriotic pen.

In the height of his intimate friendship with Lord Plymouth, the living of Solihull Warwickshire became vacant. It was of great value, and was designed by his Lordship and Lord Archer for Dr. Wilmot; but they conceived that he himself should ask for the presentation. The instant the circumstance was mentioned to him, he pretended affairs of consequence, urged his presence at a distance from Ewel, the seat of Lord Plymouth; he therefore proceeded post to Oxford, and from thence to London, where he resided in the house of his sister, until he heard that the living was otherwise disposed of. His friend Lord Plymouth

was much dissatisfied with him, and chagrined that such an intimate and chosen companion should refuse asking for what he conceived of trifling value, inadequate to the sense he entertained of the Doctor's virtues. Although the conduct of our author on this occasion was very sensibly felt by his Lordship, he could not, however, refuse paying him, when he returned to Ewel, that just tribute of applause and admiration which his forbearance so much deserved. Lord Archer regretted to his death that the living had not been bestowed on Dr. Wilmot.

Whenever our author talked of this circumstance, it was always with pleasure and satisfaction. The integrity and independency of mind which he so eminently possessed, were the springs of all his actions, and actuated his conduct on that occasion. Shortly before he died, he told a gentleman of the name of Pickering who visited him,

that one of the greatest satisfactions he experienced as a dying man, arose from his never having solicited a favor for himself in the course of his long life.

His noble patron the Earl of Warwick, unsolicited, conferred on him the living of Aulcester. The Rectory of Barton-on-the-Heath he enjoyed from being the senior Fellow of Trinity College ; in whose gift it is.

In the early part of his clerical life our author possessed the friendship and confidence of Dr. Hurd the late Bishop of Worcester, which continued until the decease of the latter. The Bishop while preceptor to the Princes, on all occasions distinguished him by every attention and regard. He was also much noticed by the Duke of Gloucester, who secretly opposed the political plans of his brother the Duke of Cumberland. In all probability much important

political communication transpired between these distinguished characters.

The editor has great reason to believe that Lord Northington had been the legal adviser of our author on many occasions. And, from having been from infancy favoured with the friendship of Sir James Wright, with whom his Lordship was nearly connected by marriage, it may be inferred that, that great man gave his legal advice respecting the matter connected with the judicature of these realms in the Letters of Junius.

Counsellor Wheeler, brother to Sir William Wheeler was one of Dr. Wilmot's sincerest friends and admirers. He was also intimate with Thurlow and Wilkes. The father of the editor, our author's brother, resided at St. John's in the borough of Warwick, a large old-fashioned mansion built of stone similar to that with which Warwick Castle is erected. This building was a Convent in the reign of Henry VIII.,

and was by that monarch given to the family of Stoughton, which, next to that of Greville, was considered the most powerful and wealthy in Warwick. An heiress of the Stoughton family was married in the reign of George II. to Colonel Money of Northamptonshire, who let the mansion and pleasure grounds to Mr. Robert Wilmot.

On the birth of Mr. Wilmot's eldest son, Mr. Wheeler was requested to stand sponsor, but being destined for India, and obliged to sail previous to the ceremony of baptism, Sir Charles Shuckburgh was the proxy on that occasion. Mr. Wheeler, however, sent two hampers of arrack for the christening, which took place on a Tuesday; among the company were no less than seven clergymen; the conviviality continued until Saturday night without interruption; several of the laity not returning to their respective homes to

perform the duties of their religious calling until the Sabbath.

Sir George Shuckburgh was ever a great friend and companion of the Doctor's. When the editor was some years back publishing a volume of her poems, Sir George, a short time prior to his death, though enfeebled by age and sickness, wrote to her the following letter.

“ March 5th, 1806.

“ Madam,

*“ Your Uncle, Dr. Wilmot is one
“ of my oldest, and most respected friends.
“ I beg leave to subscribe for twenty sets of
“ your work, as it will afford me infinite
“ pleasure to peruse your poetical essays
“ from your having been educated by,
“ and the favorite relative of, my dear Dr.
“ Wilmot.*

(Signed)

“ G. SHUCKBURGH.”

The Rev. Mr. John Shuckborough was also much esteemed by the Doctor, who would frequently speak of the amiable qualities and disposition of his friend.

Amongst the numerous friends of our respected author, none was more esteemed than Mr. Woodall, of Theford Hall, Northamptonshire; a gentleman not more admired for his scholastic acquirements, than venerated for a beneficence of disposition that displays universal philanthropy. He is an elegant poet, and the true friend of merit, which he patronizes in every situation of life. He married one of the Miss Ingrams of Wolford Hall, near Shipstone-upon-Stour; a lady of the most amiable and benevolent disposition, whose personal loveliness and mental acquirements, render her an ornament to the society she moves in. Miss Anne Ingram, Mrs. Woodall's sister, was much valued by Dr. Wilmot: a great intimacy existed be-

tween the respective families ; and, if our author's veneration for this lady was particular, the sentiment was occasioned by the high opinion he entertained of her sense, wit, and amiable qualities.

Captain Ingram and our author were in the habit of intimate friendship for nearly thirty years. The rectory was contiguous to the Ingram estate, and consequently the friends were often together. Mr. Ingram died some years before Dr. Wilmot, who never ceased to deplore the loss of his old friend and companion.

The late Sir Harry Parker was also a great friend of Dr. Wilmot, who, when he became old and infirm, generally received from him an annual visit. Mr. Wren, of Wroxall in Warwickshire, and Mr. West, the brother of Lady Archer; were also ranked amongst his most esteemed acquaintance.

The old Duke of Beaufort and Lord

Say and Sele honored the Doctor with their confidence and friendship. He used frequently to visit the latter nobleman in company with Mr. H. Bathurst, the brother of Lord Bathurst. Dr. Parr, of Hatton, was also known by our author, who entertained the highest opinion of the talents and general character of this learned man; he would often expatiate on his wonderful acquirements, and observe that, in point of strong intellect and greatness of mind, he was another Thurlow.

Laurence Sterne was another of Dr. Wilmot's intimates; and, when speaking of him, he would say: "Yorick was the life
 " of wit and conviviality: but his fate and
 " mine were nearly similar; we both
 " ought to have been bishops, if the formation of our heads had not been such
 " as to exclude the *compression* of a mitre:
 " but the road to such church preferment

“ was extremely repugnant to Sterne’s
 “ feelings and my own ; servility we never
 “ practised ; there was no occasion for
 “ us to become the defilers of the princi-
 “ ples of honor and integrity, to arrive
 “ at a certain eminent situation in the ec-
 “ clesiastical world. There are always
 “ plenty of fawning hypocrites in every
 “ country, and Sterne and myself fre-
 “ quently experienced the most *friendly*
 “ *offices* from such toad-eaters of the
 “ great.”

The memory of Dr. Hollyoak, of War-
 wick, was much respected by our author ;
 Mr. Birch, Mr. Packwood, Mr. Howel, Dr.
 Garland, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Dunn, and Mr.
 Rowe, were amongst his intimate town
 friends.

Mr. Warton, the Poet Laureat, and our
 author, lived on terms of the strictest inti-
 macy, as before has been stated. Equally
 abounding in wit, they did not spare each

other, and enjoyed with good humor the laugh they had mutually raised. The Doctor had three nicknames while at the University: he was called *Jemmy Right*, because he was said to be always on the conquering side of every political debate; *Jemmy Wise*, because he kept Minerva's bird by his bedside, perched on the arm of an elbow chair, to rouse him in the morning: and *Popularity Wilmot*, because he was for the most part chosen to fill the chair at every public meeting held at Oxford.

No man was more entertaining in his conversation; but having once sat, for half an hour, silent, to the great annoyance of his friend, Warton, who swore he had *the ague in the jaw through the business*. He then wrote on the Doctor the following lines.

“ Our Jemmy Right and Jemmy Wise,
Has got a killing pair of eyes !
But the burthen of my song,
Is, poor Jemmy has no tongue !”

Our author, on reading the next morning Mr. Warton's publication called "The Oxford Sausage," a work now very scarce, wrote in a page of the book the following lines, and sent to his friend.

" Poor Tommy's Sausage brown is broiled,
The Cook, alas ! has over toiled ;
But many lick the *savory dish*,
And feast upon this *stolen fish*."

When he was pursuing his studies at Trinity College, the Poet Laureat wrote on a slip of paper, which he affixed to the door of his chamber, the following verse :

" Our Jemmy Wilmot is no ass,
So, let the *youthful scholar* pass."

When Wilmot read the lines, by way of revenge, he took a piece of chalk, and wrote upon Wharton's door.

" Oh ! Tommy Wharton is no *fool*,
So send the *pretty lad* to school."

The editor, wishing to state every thing relative to her late uncle according to the

principles of truth, feels it a happiness to say that there are those now living who remember Dr. Wilmot and his friend Warton as the ornaments of the University. Their society was courted everywhere, and the convivial hour passed slowly by, if the wit and humour of the two friends did not enliven—if their knowledge did not amuse and instruct, the frequent parties to which they were invited, and where they were anxiously expected.

Mr. Whitmore, whose sister was the second wife of the late Mr. Lechmere of Hanly Castle, was accustomed to visit Dr. Wilmot for two months at a time, at Barton, until the period of his decease. Mr. Whitmore possesses one of those generous disinterested dispositions, which do honour to human nature. He is a scholar of considerable eminence and was loved by Dr. Wilmot with fraternal affection: it was delightful to hear them talk, whenever they

met, of the interesting circumstances of their former lives. Mr. Whitmore's nephew is Mr. Lechmere the Banker at Worcester, whose family is of the greatest respectability in that county.

Dr. Greenwood, the celebrated friend of the late Bishop Newton, was very much attached to our author. Before his death, he gave Dr. Wilmot an elegant edition of Milton, which the Bishop had presented to Dr. Greenwood. This edition was filled with original notes in the hand-writing of the Bishop, many of which are not printed in the last edition.*

Our author invited Dr. Greenwood one winter's evening to visit him. Large logs of wood, as was the custom in the country, were placed on the fire. It was the festivity of Christmas, the general sea-

* This edition is in the possession of Dr. Wilmot's niece.

son of jocularitv. “ Wilmot,” observed Dr. Greenwood, “ you are very unfeeling “ to burn my effigy in my presence, your “ fire is made of *green wood*.” “ True,” replied his friend, “ but those logs are “ only the emblems of your youth ; my “ dear friend, I had no intention of insulting your decaying timbers.”

Dr. Greenwood wrote for, and assisted Dr. Johnson in several of his periodical publications. His mind was a noble one, and his character respectable as a scholar, a poet, and a divine. Few have excelled him either in their public or private life.

Mr. Kett of Trinity College was much attached to our author during his life, and continues to venerate his memory. This gentleman’s scholastic abilities were much admired by Dr. Wilmot, whose discriminating judgment never erred in discovering talent, nor ever refused paying a just tribute to merit wherever he found it.

Dr. Price, usually called *Honest Johnny Price*, keeper of the Bodleian Library, who was patronized and respected by the late Duke of Beaufort, our author was wont to describe as one of the worthiest characters he had ever known. At the house of Dr. Chapman, the late President of Trinity, the editor had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. Price, and several other dignified members of the University, who were her uncle's friends. Amongst them were Dr. Cook, the Head of Brazen-Nose, the Rev. Dr. Tatham, Dr. Neve, Drs. Willis, Randolph, Jackson, Flammock, Mr. Richards,* &c. &c.

When the Presidency of Trinity College became vacant, the fellows proposed electing Dr. Wilmot to fill that honorable situation. When he was made acquainted with their intention, from motives the most

* This gentleman Dr. Wilmot greatly admired. "He will be a great man," said he, on reading some of his classical essays, justly considered works of infinite taste.

praise-worthy he begged leave to decline the honor. “ I should be too severe a “ disciplinarian,” said he, “ I recommend “ Dr. Chapman to your notice ; he is a very “ good-natured man, of an even temper, “ and therefore likely to be considerate to “ the errors of youth.” The casting vote of our author conferred the Presidency on Dr. Chapman.* This anecdote is a sufficient illustration of Dr. Wilmot’s disposition. Egotism was a sentiment foreign to his mind, and this feeling was never more conspicuous than when he thus resigned the dignity offered to his acceptance.

Lord Archer and Mr. Wilkes were confidential friends. His Lordship’s letters to Dr. Wilmot were generally written in Latin, as were also those to Mr. Wilkes. In the

* When Mrs. Serres, the editor of these Memoirs, passed through Oxford, after visiting Barton, on the decease of her venerated uncle, in 1807, Dr. Chapman and Mr. Kett honored her by the politest attention during her residence at the University.

beginning of the war 1773 Lord Archer had, unknown to the Doctor, solicited preferment for his friend, which was accordingly promised by Lord *****. The noble Lord's inattention to his promises irritated the feelings of, and was resented by Lord Archer, who conceived that both himself and his friend were insulted by such conduct. His Lordship swore "there was no faith in the promises of Statesmen," and therefore resolved to retire from London, in which determination he was joined by our author. This they did with great satisfaction to their own feelings, though very much to the disappointment and mortification of several of their political friends, who greatly depended on the talents of his Lordship's auditor.

Lady Archer was a woman of great spirit and ability. She confided all her secrets to Dr. Wilmot, and greatly assisted her Lord in the patriotic proceedings of that day. Her Ladyship and Lady Tavistock

were devoted friends. It is fair to infer, that Junius was induced, by the desire of his friend Lord Archer, to reprimand the Duke of Bedford, which his letters to that Statesman particularly testify.

Our author often declared, that it was owing to Lord Archer he entered so much into the political labyrinth; left to his own free will, he would not have proceeded so far as he did. When talking on this subject, he would say. “ My eyes must fail
 “ me—no man has labored so much at the
 “ pen by candle-light as I have done—to
 “ satisfy the ambition, and to add to the
 “ interest of others. God knows, my own
 “ rewards have been very, very trifling,
 “ excepting the approbation of a tranquil
 “ conscience.—I could write volumes on
 “ these subjects,” he would emphatically say.

Lord Archer and Lord Chatham, well aware of the political knowledge of our

author introduced him to Lord Shelburne; under whom he held a private confidential situation of great importance. He consequently had an opportunity of learning all the secrets of the Cabinet. Indeed, the whole of the political proceedings, while Lord Shelburne was in office, and as long as our author continued in the private situation alluded to, were in a manner not only within his knowledge; * he also acknowledged that his friend Mr. Charles Willes, in early life, had been greatly entrusted by him in many political concerns of consequence. Mr. Willes was also the friend of Mr. G. Onslow, Mr. Dunning, and Mr. Beauclerc, and once told the editor, that her uncle had been Lord Rockingham's most intimate friend;

* Doctor Wilmot once declared that Lord Shelburne's partiality towards him, but two people in the world completely understood. "Men of the greatest talents seldom " keep their secrets well, especially if married," said he; " but I never have had cause to reproach Lord S. on this " head."

but that the political cabals of Lord North's administration disgusted both himself and Dr. Wilmot.

Our author, in 1773-4, retired from the bustle of the great world. The fashionable scenes of life no longer engaged his attention. Deprived, by death, of some of his dearest friends and companions; disappointed of the expectations he had once entertained of attaining the highest preferment in the Church; disgusted with the little portion of sincerity he had met with; and, above all, viewing with pain and concern the mischievous policy which was bringing ruin on the empire; he determined to remain, for the rest of his life, in the greatest retirement. Added to these inducements, his affairs were in a deranged state; he had ever lived in the most liberal and gentlemanly manner, consistent with the rank he held in society; and scarcely ever receiving any favor without returning it in a double degree. He entertained some of

the highest personages in the country at his table; and thus, without having any vicious inclinations, he found himself overwhelmed with pecuniary embarrassments of a formidable nature.

With a noble integrity, he reduced the whole of his establishment, and appropriated his income to the liquidation of his debts. He retired, for several years, to the house of his mother, and the society of a few friends, whose conversation enlivened the gloom of his solitude, and cheered him amidst the disappointments it was his lot to experience. This economical arrangement soon relieved him from a situation galling to his generous bosom. As soon as he had satisfied every demand upon him, he took up his residence in his native county Warwick, in which dwelt many of his firmest friends; among them were the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Aylesford, Lord Archer, Lord Denbigh, Lord Willoughby, Lord Dormer, Sir John Mor-

daunt, Sir Robert Lawley, Sir William Wheeler, Sir George Shuckburgh, Rev. Mr. Shuckborough, Sir Francis Skipwith, and the Earl, now Marquis, of Hertford.

In all his pecuniary vexations, the period when the world shews itself in its just colors, and friendship is but a name, that of the Earl of Warwick for Dr. Wilmot was noble and sincere. This sentiment was founded on reciprocity of feeling, and a consciousness of the worth of his friend ; and it was ever a gratifying thought to our author, that he was so distinguished by a nobleman who possessed a most enlightened mind, and philanthropic soul. So sincerely did the Doctor venerate the whole of the noble family of Greville, that he educated his nephew and niece in principles of feeling similar to his own. —“ The Earl of Warwick should have had “ worlds in his power,” Dr. Wilmot would say, “ then all his fellow-creatures would “ experience his benevolent care.”

The sacrifices our author made to relieve himself from the pressure of his debts, proved the greatness of his mind. Even in the midst of his embarrassments, his word was considered sacred ; and had he been inclined to profit by the offered loans of his friends, who were anxious to assist him, he might have settled his affairs without remaining so long in retirement.

When his niece resided with him, he would frequently relate the innocent artifices he used in order to prevent giving his mother anxiety respecting his pecuniary concerns. When these circumstances perplexed his mind, that he might avoid giving the good old lady any suspicion of his situation, he took a lodging about ten miles from Warwick, where he would abide for weeks together, shut up and devoted to his books. On his return, he would inform his mother, with the utmost as-

sumed cheerfulness, he had been visiting some of his dearest friends. His venerable parent, at that time, was approaching the eightieth year of her age; of most extraordinary beauty of person, even at that advanced time of life. She could walk upright without a cane, and work without spectacles; was of a lively animated disposition, exceeding shrewd and sensible, and of a most prudent and religious turn of mind.

The Earl of Warwick, with his usual consideration for the interests of Dr. Wilmot's family, presented him to the rectory of Aulcester, a very advantageous living, situate near to Ragley Park, the seat of the present Marquis of Hertford. This favor of the Earl was most gratefully acknowledged by the Doctor, who said, such opportunities of serving were satisfactory to the mind of his noble patron. Several other distinguished persons of the county, who had engaged much of his time and

advice in their political regulations, unsolicited, made our author the most splendid offers of friendship and favor. Among those who were eager to serve him, was a certain noble family, whose policy our author never opposed, from motives of disinterested honor, however he might justly condemn the excessive ambition that actuated most of its political measures.

The female part of the family in question had distinguished him by a display of confidence and friendship. There were always secrets in that family to be preserved from the knowledge of the world; and the anxiety of the parties to engage his forbearance in the promulgation of those secrets, rendered them servile in the extreme, in courting his society and friendship.

Ever alive to the movements of the human heart, in its various subterfuges, our author traced the real disposition of the

noble Earl. Disapproving his political measures, he declined a longer interference with his side of the question. To break off the connection entirely, and to avoid giving offence, he made a journey into Wales, and stopt some time at Swansea, with an old friend who resided there. During his absence, the political misconceptions of the Earl were manifested pretty clearly to the world.

About 1781, Dr. Wilmot, being the senior fellow of Trinity College, was presented to the rectory of Barton-on-the-Heath, near Shipston, Warwickshire, an exceeeding good living, which enabled him, with Aulcester, and Long Compton, which he presided over for his friend Dr. Gash, to keep a genteel establishment. He still preserved his munificent spirit, and kept a handsome table, at which gentlemen of the University and the families of the neighbouring gentry were in the constant habit

of attending. His mother died at a very advanced age at this place, and was buried in the chancel of Barton church. She retained her faculties until within a few days previous to her death. Having a paralytic stroke in the early part of June, she had been, for a short period, confined to her room. One morning, while the Doctor, who considered his mother would soon be able to come down stairs, was taking his usual walk in the fields about the Parsonage, she requested the housekeeper to let her be carried into the flower garden. To oblige the venerable lady, the servants obeyed her: warmly wrapped up in a chair, they placed her nearly in the centre of the most beautiful shrubs and flowers. Mrs. Wilmot, with a mind filled with the rich stores of religion, and possessing an innate feeling that she was shortly about to receive the reward of a well-spent life, several times repeated, " Who can

“ behold that sun, and those lovely flowers,
 “ and doubt there is a Divine Parent in
 “ Heaven?” She smiled, as she spake ;
 and, closing her eyes, to keep out the vivid
 rays of light, said to the servants, “ carry
 “ me now up stairs, my friends, lest your
 “ master should be displeased with you
 “ for obedience to my will.” She was
 carefully conveyed to her chamber, where
 she almost immediately expired. Complacency, joy, and serenity were evidently delineated in her features. Such was the happy end of the mother of the author of Junius, who was in her eighty-eighth year when she rested in the grave.

The beautiful collection of butterflies which graces the National Museum was made by Mr. Hughes, the brother of Dr. Wilmot’s mother, a merchant of considerable eminence in London. His sons, Edward and Thomas, went to India ; after which period the family became so separated, that

the fate of these relatives is not known. Some of their letters to Dr. Wilmot, as has been before stated, were seen by the editor, when she resided with her uncle.

One of the Doctor's sisters, Olive Wilmot, was married to Captain Payne, a native of Virginia. He was in the India service, and possessed some sugar plantations in the West-Indies, as well as property in America. This gentleman saw Miss Wilmot at Warwick the year his present Majesty came to the throne : she was said to be the most beautiful woman in the county. After their marriage, they resided at Mile-End. Some years afterwards their mansion was burnt to ruins ; and the rapidity of the flames was such, that only Mrs. Payne, two children, and three servants, were saved from the devouring element.

Captain Payne had been absent from England nearly twelve months, and had

arrived in one of his own vessels at Black-wall the same evening this melancholy circumstance took place. Anxious to behold his family after so long a separation, he set off immediately, and arrived at his home the very instant his wife, in her undress, was running to and fro' before the house, almost distracted, and entreating that her dear boys might be saved. The situation of Captain Payne may more easily be imagined than described ; he cloathed his afflicted wife with his coat, and conducted her to a lodging in the neighbourhood. The alarm and grief occasioned by the dreadful calamity, changed her hair perfectly white. In this fatal night, independent of the expensive furniture, two fine children were burnt to death, and the remaining servants missing. Dr. Wilmot, with some faithful friends, performed the office of the good Samaritan on this occasion. He poured balm into the wounded mind of his

brother-in-law, and soothed him into a resigned obedience to the will of God. He visited his sister constantly ; though her senses were preserved, she recovered slowly from the excessive shock she had received. To the latest hour of her life, she lamented the cruel fate of her dear children.

In other circumstances Captain Payne was also unfortunate. He lost two or three ships laden with sugars, whose cargoes were extremely valuable ; but he still possessed a genteel independency for his family. He was well known to the present Sir William Curtis and his brother, whom he left joint guardian with Dr. Wilmot to his three children, William, Olivia, and George. The eldest son, preferring a seafaring life, was on board a ship belonging to Sir William, named the Nottingham, bound to China, when a violent gale sprung up, as he was standing on the quarter deck, and so suddenly shifted one of the sails that it carried him

overboard. There was at the time a heavy swell, which entirely prevented his sorrowful shipmates giving him any assistance. He possessed a fine, generous, and manly character, and was just entering his twenty-first year, when he met with his untimely fate. An excellent navigator and seaman from early youth, he had accompanied his father in his voyages to China, the West-Indies, &c. Prior to sailing on this last voyage, he visited his uncle, Dr. Wilmot, and his cousin Olivia, at the Rectory; and he endeared himself to their memory by his frank and noble disposition.

His brother George studied the law, and resided at Birmingham in a most respectable way. He married early in life, and died at the age of twenty-five. His remains were deposited in St. Mary's, Warwick.

The other sister of Dr. Wilmot, Sarah, was married to Captain Read of the 44th

regiment of foot. She was called the *Brown Beauty*, and died very early in life, leaving one daughter, the wife of Major Hankin of the Scotch Greys, an officer of courage and respectability, and whose merit has secured him the respect and friendship of the officers of that brave regiment.

Our author was his father's favorite, while his brother Robert was from infancy the delight of his mother. His sister Olive, he would say, was a true Wilmot, and the editor conceives that her name being the same with this beloved sister, greatly contributed to her uncle's affection for herself. When particularly jocular and good-humoured, he would call his niece *Young Noll*, observing the *Nolls* of the family were generally of the true Wilmotean spirit.

Dr. Wilmot gave his niece to understand, that a few of the essays in the *Rambler* were written by himself in conjunction with

Dr. Johnson, who labored exceedingly during his stay at College. Our author about this time was also greatly engaged with his literary studies.

Dr. Devy, when he visited at the Rectory, would frequently discourse with the editor on the constancy with which her uncle bore the infirmities of age, as they were slowly approaching. “ Life is become a wearisome pilgrimage,” our author would say, “ but it is the duty of man to be firm and courageous in the hour of bodily suffering, and to endeavour, as far as may be in his power, to conquer the imbecilities of his nature. Death appears to us under various features. No mortal meets its arrows with a similitude of feeling. We frequently perceive the greatest mind shrink at the approach of bodily anguish; this plainly and most forcibly demonstrates the imbecility of our nature, the deficiencies of our judgment, and the

“ faithlessness of our souls. A man who
 “ has lived greatly, must die nobly, or the
 “ superiority of his life is diminished by
 “ the cowardice of his last moments.
 “ Death is an emancipation to scenes of
 “ eternal happiness. Why then should that
 “ mortal tremble at the approach of so
 “ much felicity, who is satisfied that his
 “ paths of mortal progress have been in
 “ no degree the road to criminality, or
 “ vice ! ”

Our author was accustomed to write every morning an essay on morality or philosophy, to assist the dawning reason of his niece. How deeply does she lament the fatal resolution he put into practice of having his sermons and writings destroyed previous to his death ? What a fund of intellectual knowledge was condemned to oblivion ? But such was the case ; nor was it possible to counteract the dire effects of this unfortunate circumstance.

“ Some characters, during the whole
 “ course of their lives, live in this vast
 “ theatre of mortality,” Dr. Wilmot would
 frequently observe, “ literally for them-
 “ selves. The happiness and well doing
 “ of their fellow-men are in no wise as-
 “ simulated to their wishes or intentions.
 “ Such persons, through the channel of
 “ a long and opulent destiny, evince, by
 “ the tenor of their private and public
 “ conduct, that the mandates of morality
 “ and virtue are to them causes of repug-
 “ nance and dislike ; while, on the con-
 “ trary, it has been well ascertained, that
 “ persons of moderate fortune and humble
 “ rank in society, have shewn every feel-
 “ ing of philanthropy and compassion
 “ towards their fellow-beings in this stormy
 “ voyage of anguish and difficulty. The
 “ majority of the world does not consist
 “ of *Solomons*,” he would continue to ob-
 serve ; “ but if there is not a race of persons

“ whose minds are of superior texture to
 “ the generality of the characters in life,
 “ how would many, in that case, have
 “ been enabled to exercise that authorita-
 “ tive power, upon which they have ven-
 “ tured to act for a succession of ages in
 “ every kingdom of the globe?”

When conversing on the fate of nations,
 our author would mention, with much
 pleasure, the many useful observations in
 Fenelon's celebrated work of *Telemachus*.
 “ There are lessons in that little volume,”
 he would say, “ that every prince should
 “ study and understand. I perfectly agree
 “ with that elegant writer, that the bles-
 “ sing of peace alone render a kingdom
 “ or state prosperous ; for what empire can
 “ be considered in absolute security, which
 “ is the scene of war and rapine ? The
 “ wisdom of princes is always defined by
 “ a pacific regulation. When, by the ca-
 “ lamities of war, commerce is impeded,

“ and the necessities of life are rendered
 “ exorbitant, the lower ranks of society
 “ then become unemployed, starving, and
 “ dissatisfied; and the most disastrous
 “ events may be expected to take place
 “ from such desolating causes.”

“ The prince or sovereign who has no
 “ will or discretion of his own, can never
 “ make a prosperous monarch to the
 “ people he governs,” was a constant ob-
 servation of our author; “ but, on the other
 “ hand, although a prince may possess
 “ the most fundamental knowledge of the
 “ constitution he presides over, yet he
 “ should not trust the fate of thousands
 “ to his own regulations.” He would
 then quote a passage from Tacitus, which
 states, “ *that no prince can have a reach*
 “ *so great, as to be master of all his con-*
 “ *cerns; no one a mind strong enough to*
 “ *carry so great a burthen.* A single cha-
 “ racter sees and comprehends but very

“ little in regard to the generality of life
 “ and its features. Kings should be
 “ Arguses. The hours of sleep should
 “ never close their eye nor ear from a
 “ constant observation of every national
 “ occurrence.”

Every government has had, in its most healthy state, the most perplexing intrigues to baffle. In the year 1771, the party spirit in this country ran so excessively high, that the dearest relationships in life, and the most long-tried friendships were set aside by political intrigue and craft. Friends were rendered the secret foes of friends, and party zeal was manifested in a manner unexampled in any former reign. —The late Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, Dr. Wilmot was well aware, were decidedly in opposition, and secretly frustrated each other's political wishes. Our author derived much of his political knowledge from the late Bishop of Worcester,

preceptor to the Prince of Wales. He was from early youth his chosen friend. It has been already remarked how much Lord Northington and Sir James Wright were attached to him : and when the Letters of Junius appeared, in all probability our author received legal advice from his Lordship and Mr. Dunning. Nor is it improbable to state, that he was assisted by the knowledge which Mr. Thurlow had acquired of the law.

Although Dr. Wilmot had been preceptor to Lord North, while at the University, it is extremely natural to suppose, that his attachment to the Northington and Wright families would precede his friendship for that minister ; the more so, as his boyish days had witnessed the filial affection he entertained for the mother of Sir James.

Had not Lord Northington went out of office, there is no question but our author would have been handsomely provided for.

His Lordship was on the eve of promoting his interests at the time of his retirement from his high situation. It must have been a concerted plan, that Junius should appear in the independent manner he did. It was evident that nobleman gave his perfect confidence to our author, as was testified by the many letters which were seen by the editor, and which always commenced with the words "dear Wilmot," and concluded with "most faithfully yours."

Lord Rockingham and Lord G. Sackville entertained so great a regard for our author, that their kindness was not easily to be eradicated from his memory: and when some of those honest feelings possessed by Lord Thurlow, evinced themselves during his Chancellorship, they always afforded him full scope to expatiate on the integrity of his noble friend. "But he will not die in office," he would say, "I know all his political opinions; the times

“ are in the greatest opposition to his political sentiments.”

The Lords Chatham, Northington, Shelburne, and Thurlow, were esteemed by Dr. Wilmot as the greatest men of the age. He usually designated the latter nobleman by the appellation of *beetle brow*, in allusion to his eye-brows. “ The features of Lord Thurlow’s face,” he would declare, “ were the index of his great and comprehensive soul. Nature has dealt largely in the formation of Thurlow’s mind and body : the appearance of the man indicates the vastness of his genius.”

Nature is seldom deceptive in the formation of the human countenance. If we study her character with microscopic effect, few mistakes will arise as to our judgment of men and manners.

The character of Swift was, in some measure, liked by our author ; yet, he observed, that great politician had unpardon-

able faults. He compared his wit to a dagger of triangular form, which occasioned an incurable wound. The eccentricities of Swift proceeded from disappointed pride; and his behaviour, on the approach of death, was inconsistent with the general features of his life. He lived the reproach of many, and at his death few regretted his loss. The life of Swift, as delivered to the world, was truly a studied one. “ If my character,” observed Dr. Wilmot, “ should be ever drawn, I trust some moderate and candid person will detail me to the world as I really was, not as the creature of a fabricated history.”

“ That too much learning frequently impedes the energy of genius in youth,” was a frequent opinion of our author. “ The originality of thought is often confined by our knowledge of the sentiments of others. To make a great painter, the student should study only from nature, and not

“ even glance his eye on the productions of
 “ others, until he has found a stile and me-
 “ thod of his own. To become an elegant
 “ poet requires that the imagery of the mind
 “ should not be warped by classical prece-
 “ dents. A knowledge of the Greek and
 “ Latin tongues is, however, requisite to
 “ render a person acquainted with the sub-
 “ limity of Homer, the simplicity of Vir-
 “ gil, and the elegance of Horace.”

Milton was considered by the Doctor as
 the greatest poet any age had produced,
 for sublimity and elegance of stile. His
 niece was accustomed to read to him every
 morning various passages from that cele-
 brated author. She also, at his desire,
 would read out of the works of Pope, Dry-
 den and Thompson, with all of whom he
 was greatly delighted. His criticism on
 Dryden was just. He said, that “ all the
 “ translations of Dryden bespoke the bril-
 “ liant imagination of the scholar, the
 “ exquisite taste of the poet, and the vast-

“ness of his fancy. Truth and elegance
 “distinguished all Dryden’s productions.”

Mr. Walpole had been an exceeding active politician in his time : he was possessed of great natural and acquired abilities. “Walpole,” the Doctor would observe, “would have been a greater man, had the
 “true spirit of liberality guided his intentions through life, and made merit in
 “distress his consideration. A man, by an
 “ostentatious display of feeling, may perchance, for a little time, receive popular
 “favor; but that man is to be admired who
 “delights in acts of secret beneficence, who
 “endeavours to conceal from public observation his good qualities, and seeks his
 “reward in the satisfaction of an approving conscience, in preference to the
 “world’s applause.”

“A studied character is a dangerous acquaintance,” was a saying of Dr. Wilmot’s; “a man who is in the habit of
 “always acting can never be a sincere or

“ disinterested friend. The world, it is
 “ true, may be considered a continued
 “ stage of deceptive dealing ; yet the dig-
 “ nity of man is greatly encreased by his
 “ attention to sincerity, and its concomi-
 “ tant, honesty.”

Every degree of art Dr. Wilmot ab-
 horred. “ Truth is the perfection of all
 “ things—the reverse the greatest degrada-
 “ tion of man.”

In a conversation which our author once
 held with his nephew, Joseph Ball Downman,
 Esq., the subject turned upon his intimacy
 with Lord Archer. “ Not an action of
 “ that nobleman’s life, for upwards of
 “ thirty years,” observed the Doctor, “ was
 “ concealed from me. I was honored with
 “ the unlimited confidence of his Lordship,
 “ who was one of the most patriotic cha-
 “ racters I ever recollect to have been ac-
 “ quainted with.” Mr. Wilkes, he also
 observed, had been greatly assisted by Lord
 Archer, who, unsolicited, at the com-

mencement of the year 1767, generously sent him five hundred pounds when at Paris.

Mr. Wilkes was for some months in privacy at Ombersley, Lord Archer's seat. A beautiful picture of Venus decorated the dining room of that ancient mansion. "He
 " must have been very fond of the fair sex," observed the Doctor to his niece, " for I
 " usually found him writing in that apart-
 " ment, seated at a table facing the por-
 " trait." When being rallied on this circumstance, Wilkes would reply with much humour, " Wilmot, I never write
 " so agreeably as in the presence of *Beauty*
 " and *Silence*. What are the inducements
 " of a man's labour? Can you be sur-
 " prised I have reverence for so much
 " female loveliness."

Lord Bacon's works were placed by the Doctor in his niece's hands at a very early age, and he desired her to read his essays very frequently. The editor has often imagin-

ed, from many circumstances, that her venerated uncle greatly resembled Lord Bacon in person and mind. Such was the attention he paid to her education, that she never perused or even saw a novel until after her marriage.

When advanced in years, Dr. Wilmot seldom went abroad, but preferred company at his own table. He was much afflicted with rheumatism in the hips, and disliked the motions of a horse or carriage; although, in other respects, he enjoyed for years the most excellent health imaginable.

Barton-on-the-Heath was a retired village; but he was acquainted with so many gentlemen of the neighbourhood, that scarce a morning passed that company did not, both in winter and summer, visit him.

Used to the society of persons greatly older than herself, the editor still feels a pleasure in the company of aged persons. The habits of her early years were re-

tired and regular ; she still remains under the influence of their controul, and has frequently, for months, devoted herself to study without experiencing the most trifling ennui.

If you have resolution, in the midst of a great world, to forego its dissipations and pleasures, in time you will also learn to conquer your own inclinations and passions. Such sentiments always distinguished the Doctor in his lessons of advice to his niece. Would to heaven his instructive voice again comforted her in her career through life !— But that cannot be. Still shall his memory last till life is no more, and be the dearest object of her remembrance.

In regard to wealth, the Doctor never coveted it. “ I was the last in the world, “ who could be rich in the times I lived in,” he would say, “ for it is necessary a man “ should adapt his feelings to every degree “ of dependency to possess himself of the

“ good things of life ; but, thank God, I
 “ never degraded myself by the sentiments
 “ I uttered, or by condescending to forego
 “ the character of an Englishman, for
 “ the worldly advantages I might have
 “ obtained from a contrary principle.”

“ Man was born but once to die,

“ Thus life or death is liberty,”

was a favorite couplet of his—and again,

“ The worm that’s crawling on the ground,

“ By many feet is abject found.”

In the month of January 1791, the life of Dr. Wilmot and his niece, were most miraculously preserved. At the Epiphany sessions at Warwick, it was usual for the Doctor to meet his old friends, Lord Aylesford, of Packington, and other noblemen and gentlemen, justices of the county. Being a member of a society founded in early life, he generally attended at the sessions whenever it occurred.

The Doctor, about the 7th of January,

informed his niece he had an intention of taking her to see some friends at Warwick, if she had no objection to accompany him. The day after this proposal, the mind of Miss Wilmot became impressed with an idea, that the rectory would be plundered by robbers. She endeavoured to get the better of this gloomy presentiment; but the most dreadful anticipations of such an event greatly distressing her, she became very anxious for her uncle's departure, and pressed him repeatedly to depart without her a day sooner than he originally intended. He asked her why she so earnestly wished to expedite his journey, and telling her he should doubly enjoy his excursion by having the company of his dear girl; yet his niece still desired to be left at home.

At last she ventured to inform her uncle of the presentiment she entertained. He kindly listened to her apologies for her superstition, and endeavoured to assure

her there was not the least foundation for a suspicion of the kind. There had not been a house broke into at Barton in the memory of its inhabitants. “Divest yourself, therefore, Olivia,” the Doctor urged, “divest yourself of your prejudices ; recover your spirits, and trust to the protecting power of that great Being who never deserts the innocent : but I shall not go to Warwick until you have conquered your superstition and melancholy.”

Miss Wilmot, however, could not be satisfied, until her uncle had set off on his journey. The morning she had acquainted her uncle with her presentiments she conjured him to depart ; and urged him, if there was any money in the house, to take it with him : “for I am sure,” she declared, with tears in her eyes, “the house will be robbed. It is daily and nightly in my thoughts ; and, as you are a jus-

“ tice of the peace, your life would not be
 “ safe amidst robbers.”

The Doctor became seriously displeased with his niece. “ Your fears, Olivia,” said he, “ do no credit to your preceptor. “ Having in part been educated by myself, “ I am at a loss to reconcile such weakness “ as this to my mind. To cure your fears, “ however, my dear girl, I will take your “ advice, and go to Warwick this after- “ noon ; and I make no doubt I shall, on “ my return, find you blushing for the “ suppositions you are now cherishing.”

The Doctor went to Shipston-upon-Stower the same afternoon : and, sleeping at the house of a friend at that place, the next morning he met his old acquaintances at the Tuns Inn, at Warwick.

As soon as he left Barton, his niece had a conversation with her uncle’s house-keeper, respecting the best manner to be adopted to defend the house and property.

The two men servants were ordered to clean and load two brace of pistols, and four guns. These were placed at the several windows, to appear as spring guns. The plate was then collected, and placed in bags in the apartment of the servants, who were also armed to defend the property. They were desired, if any thing occurred during the night, to get up, and protect their mistress, should any persons succeed in getting into the house. Miss Wilmot slept in one of the wings; the servants, both male and female, were placed in the rooms adjoining her own. Previous to retiring for the night, about ten o'clock, she fired off a pistol at the hall door. It was the first she had ever discharged, and holding it improperly, the recoil nearly broke her collar-bone. Two guns were also fired off by the servants, and every precaution used to render abortive any person's attempt to enter the house. All

night Miss Wilmot lay waking and agitated. To her excessive delight day broke, and she considered it a blessing she had not been in any danger. The servants were gay, and she could perceive her doubts had not affected them.

The whole of the 11th of January she was perfectly serene, but still expected the confirmation of her fears. In the evening she ordered the carpenter of the village to screw down the bars of the two parlour windows, the out-offices, &c. The fire-arms were again discharged, and the family retired to bed. Miss Wilmot, from fatigue, fell into a perturbed slumber about midnight. The two men slept in the next room to her, which was usually occupied by the Doctor, with the plate, pistols, and a couple of old swords by their bedside.

Shortly after she was suddenly awakened, by the violent entrance of five ruffians into her apartment, who, armed with va-

rious instruments of destruction, surrounded her bed. They threatened her with instant death, if she did not disclose where the old Doctor, as they styled him, kept his gold. Although most cruelly agitated, Miss Wilmot's senses did not forsake her. She entreated life and mercy at their hands. "Preserve our lives," she said, "and take all you chuse. I know you are robbers;—'tis gold you seek. God will pardon your taking that: but by committing murder you will be no gainers."

One of the ruffians put a pistol to her head, while another held a sword of her uncle's to her throat. In such a distressing situation she raised her imploring eyes to heaven, and invoked its protection; for she lay under the dread of immediate death. The men paused: four of them were close to her; the fifth, better looking and more decently clad than the others, stood at a distance, silently gazing at her.

“ Who are you ?” demanded one of them. She had sufficient presence of mind to declare herself one of the Doctor’s servants. She supposes that answer, under providence, saved her life ; for one of the villains swore a dreadful oath, that, “ if the Doctor had been in the house, they would have had his heart’s blood.”

However, the naming of herself as one of the domestics, occasioned Miss Wilmot more serious alarm. They proceeded to take the most cruel liberties with her, while they made use of the most shocking expressions. The men were nearly in a state of intoxication, and styled her the Doctor’s *favorite*. One of them addressed him who was called their captain, desiring him to attend to their booty, “ while,” he uttered, “ I make this woman *my* prize.”

The agony of Miss Wilmot, so young, so unprotected, so treated, may be more easily imagined than described. “ Have

“ you no mercy ? ” she exclaimed ; “ the
 “ moment you sully my honor, I die ! ”
 In this awful moment, when despair had
 almost overpowered her, and she seemed
 to stand on the very verge of destruction,
 the robber, who had hitherto remained at
 a distance, and was the leader of the gang,
 called out, “ Desist, Frazer, you shall not
 “ hurt a hair of her head ! ” Thus speak-
 ing, he held a pistol to his head, and swore
 he would blow his brains out, if he did
 not leave the young creature alone. A
 most dreadful altercation ensued ; during
 the scuffle, Miss Wilmot leaped from the
 bed, and cast herself at the feet of the
 merciful robber. “ Protect, protect a de-
 “ fenceless female,” she cried, “ and Hea-
 “ ven will pardon all your other sins.”—
 “ Can you place confidence in a robber ? ”
 he inquired. “ I do, I do,” replied Miss
 Wilmot ; “ I prove it.”—“ Then I will
 “ protect you,” he said ; and placing his

arm round her, raised her up, and hurried the other fellows out of the room. This generous robber protested that no life should be destroyed ; and said, “ if ever I am “ taken, remember me.” He then threw some of the bed-cloaths about her, and having got the other robbers out of the room, desired her to remain quiet ; “ Aye,” replied his companions, in the next room, “ if she is not, we shall have her heart’s “ blood.”

On leaving the apartment, the robber again desired Miss Wilmot to remember him ; while the rest swore he had saved her life that she might again know them. The door of the room was then nailed up, which led to where the female servants were, who, she was informed, were all alive. As the window looked into the churchyard, and the bank rose high under it, about an hour after she imagined the robbers had left the house, she resolved to leap from

it, and get to the village; but observing one of the men, armed with a gun, stationed under the window, as if he had suspected her intention, she desisted from the attempt.

In total darkness, and agitated with the excessive alarm, into which the terrifying scenes she had been undergoing had plunged her, Miss Wilmot dropped on her knees, and offered up her sincere thanksgivings to Heaven, whose protecting power had saved her from a calamity more dreadful than death itself. She implored Providence to continue its blessings, and while she was lamenting the darkened state of her apartment, it was suddenly illuminated by a light that shewed itself in every part, and discovered where her apparel lay. Let not the sceptic imagine that this account is written by a visionary: although the niece of Dr. Wilmot was educated by him in a manner to destroy all the seeds

of superstition, if she had ever entertained such, yet she has no hesitation in avowing her belief, that the same power which had given her the presentiment that the robbery would take place, could also evince its protection by a sign.

On the first crowing of the cock, and finding the certainty of her safety confirmed, Miss Wilmot called to the servants, who, being fastened in their chamber, were not able to assist her. She therefore, with a petticoat and blanket over her, leaped out of the window into the churchyard; and, in the snow, barefooted, ran into the village. Just at the churchyard gates she met some farmers going to fodder their cattle, who, on seeing her, at first ran from her. Calling to farmer Durham, he knew her voice, and said, " God in Heaven defend me ! it is young Madam Wilmot, as I am a living sinner !" Lifting up Miss Wilmot in his

arms, she was conveyed to his house, hard by ; and, after being accommodated with shoes and stockings, they attended her back to the parsonage. They returned about six in the morning, and found every thing in the greatest confusion. It was a most desolated scene ; almost every door in the house had been forced, and every cabinet ransacked ; every article of furniture damaged, and thrown about the rooms.

The women servants had hid themselves under the bed, and having found every member of the family in existence and unhurt, Miss Wilmot once more fell on her knees, in the hall of the rectory, to return her thanks to Divine Providence for the safety which had been vouchsafed to them. The worthy farmer, his servants, their wives and children, all joined in the pious offerings of a most grateful heart. The mercy of the Divine Author of all things had indeed been manifested on that eventful

night to the whole of the Doctor's family.

Expresses were sent off to Dr. Wilmot, at Warwick, which is about thirty miles from Barton; and, as the London coaches pass, through Long Compton, in their way to Oxford, the news was rapidly spread before the day had half gone by. The neighbouring gentry came to Barton to assist and to condole with Miss Wilmot on this occasion; but no one was more affectingly soothing than Mr. Charles Willes, Rector of Cherington, which is distant five miles from Barton. Mr. Willes, as has been before stated, was the youngest son of Lord Chief Justice Willes. While he remained at the parsonage, he wrote down Miss Wilmot's account of the robbery, as well as that of the other persons in the house; hand-bills were printed, and distributed over the county.

It was discovered that all the plate and

valuables were gone ; and that they were transported on horseback, whose steps were traced in the snow, for nearly two miles, until lost in the public road.

Dr. Wilmot returned from Warwick with the messenger. The venerable divine anxiously leapt from the chaise, and being met by his old friend Mr. Willes, was in a few words told of his loss ; but that his niece and servants were safe. On entering his house and casting his eyes on the desolation around him, with a beneficent smile he raised his expressive eyes to heaven. “ My God, I thank thee,” said he ; “ my loss, my friends, is nothing, a trifle ! “ where’s my poor niece ? where are my “ suffering domestics ? ” At that moment Miss Wilmot, having heard his voice, rushing down stairs, sunk at his feet, speechless and almost distracted with joy at the idea of having been the instrument, under Providence, of saving her respected

uncle's life. He raised her in his arms, and pressed her to his affectionate heart. "Be comforted, my love," he uttered, "you still are spared to be a blessing to your uncle." Then turning to his friends, said, "but the presentiment of my niece I shall never lose the recollection of. The blow was less violent. It is an awful proof of God's goodness, that my niece was preserved from the dreadful scene she witnessed, by divulging to her that such would occur. My own life has been most miraculously saved. I hesitated to commence my journey; nor should I have gone to Warwick, but that I trusted the inattention I paid to what I at that time conceived to be superstition in my niece, would have destroyed every vaporish idea she might have been induced to give way to."

Nothing could be more noble or impressive than the conduct of the worthy and

respected Rector on that occasion. Selfish consideration had no influence over him. The generous benevolence of his disposition was greatly manifested. He only recollected the goodness of Providence which had saved the lives of his niece, his servants, and himself. His losses were considerable. Independent of a great quantity of old and valuable plate, there was cash to the amount of some hundreds in his bureau, all of which were seized by the robbers.

A week had scarcely elapsed when the robbers were taken, and several indictments laid against them for numerous depredations committed in various parts of Worcestershire as well as in Warwickshire. They belonged to a most desperate gang. Some of them were sent for trial to Worcester, and the others at Warwick. Sir Alexander Thompson was the judge who presided at the trial of these men. Miss

Wilmot gave her evidence clearly and minutely, and the learned judge was pleased to approve of her manner of delivering it, and testified that approbation in the most handsome manner in court. Nor did Miss Wilmot forget the humane man who saved her life and honor. She pathetically recommended him to mercy, and entreated the judge would exert the noble privilege he possessed. The ruffian Frazer turned king's evidence, and they were all convicted of the robbery. The robber, for whom Miss Wilmot had intreated herself, was tried on various other indictments, and suffered the penalty of the crimes he had committed. The benevolence of Dr. Wilmot extended even to the prison of these unhappy wretches, and had them supplied with every necessary fit for their unfortunate situation. He sent persons to instruct and afford them consolation, while

he gave them forgiveness for their crimes towards himself.

The editor has endeavoured, by every attention to truth, to impress upon the minds of all who read these Memoirs the real character of the respectable man whose life she has attempted to delineate. Of a religious and moral disposition, he never in the whole course of his life betrayed a bigoted or sordid opinion, idea, or sentiment.

Dr. Wilmot always observed, that the good things of this life were bestowed upon men for their use and enjoyment. “Corn
“grows for the staff of life,” said he; “fruit
“for the wine-press: partaking properly of
“such blessings, we act in obedience to the
“glorious intention of our Maker.”

Indeed, he liked his bottle; yet he was seldom affected by his evening’s conviviality. On a particular occasion, while

at the University at a large party, he was merry and jovial. When the company broke up, and he was observed by some of his college friends at a very late hour crossing the quadrangle of Trinity; “ You are conquered, Doctor,” said they, “ to-night.” He very good-naturedly made the following reply.

“ Conquered—I am only cut—To-morrow’s sun
Will finish’d see—what you consider done.”

This good humour and ready wit testified itself upon all occasions. One subject would always occasion a frown on his countenance. The most trifling evasion or falsehood would rouse his anger, and excite his contempt. If any person forced a falsehood upon his acceptance, or were acknowledged liars in society, he would say, “ Heaven defend me from the society of
“ such characters. One may, Olivia, lock
“ up against a thief; but there is no

“ guarding against the machinations of a
“ liar, who braves God, and defies man.”

Whenever Dr. Wilmot solemnly bound himself to the performance of a promise, he most conscientiously observed his word. He had an unfortunate political dispute with his brother about twenty years before the death of the latter. In the heat of anger he solemnly declared he would never be again in the society of his brother. He most sensibly lamented this circumstance, and deplored the hasty vow he had uttered until his decease. But nothing could make him break it, he steadily kept his word. Mr. Robert Wilmot was of an affectionate disposition, and tenderly loved his brother ; he took a journey to endeavour to procure a reconciliation with him. The Doctor gave orders that he should be respectfully entertained at the Rectory ; but he confined himself to his apartment during the stay of his brother, lamenting the cruel necessity he

had imposed upon himself of thus acting.

“ I have long been friends with my
 “ brother,” said the Doctor, “ but it is
 “ impossible I can forfeit the protection of
 “ my God, for any gratification of my
 “ own.” Thus Dr. Wilmot and his brother did not meet or converse, for some years previous to his decease.

When apologising to his niece for his conduct towards her father — “ I called
 “ Heaven to witness, that I never would
 “ again hold any conversation with my
 “ brother,” he observed to her : “ I will
 “ now acknowledge I acted wrong in
 “ making so rash a resolve ; but the oath
 “ has gone forth, and for the dominion of
 “ worlds, I would not be perjured on this
 “ or any other occasion.”

Dr. Wilmot died without having again seen his brother ; but he affectionately remembered him in his will, blessing him with his latent breath. And so much did

Mr. Robert Wilmot possess a truly Christian-like disposition, that at the advanced age of seventy-seven, he took a third long journey to water the grave of his departed brother and friend, with the tears of fraternal affection.

It is only doing justice to the memory of her respected father, that the editor of these memoirs should observe, that there never was a more generous and independent spirit than that possessed by Mr. Robert Wilmot. The whole county of Warwick knew the excellencies of his heart; but like the Timon of our immortal countryman, Shakespeare, his hand was too open, and his heart too philanthropic, to secure the welfare of himself and family. He would share his little with the sons and daughters of affliction. He was the friend of the poor, and the enemy of oppression. He lived and died a true patriot at the age of

87. His native town still recollects the independency of character he ever supported.

Our author died at the age of 86, almost without a groan, or even having much serious illness. The infirmities of age had been, for the last seven years, creeping fast upon him, yet the faculties of his mind remained unimpaired to the latest hour of his existence. He retained his senses until the moment of his decease, which event took place in January, 1807; and was interred in the chancel of the church at Barton. He departed this life full of years, religion, and virtue; respected and lamented by all who knew him.

On the evening previous to his death, the spirit of our author's mind was particularly manifested. For the last two years of his life he had been confined to his bedroom, and to an apartment contiguous to it. Being unable, from the rheumatism, to

walk down stairs, when even he gave any dinners to his neighbours, his company generally ascended to his room to take their wine with him. Growing very feeble during the last month of his existence, it was usual for him to retire to his bed at eight o'clock. His two men servants always attended him at that hour and undressed him. The night previous to his death, about seven in the evening, he became extremely restless, and enquired the hour frequently, with a seeming impatience. The servants imagining it would be better for him to go to bed, told him it was eight o'clock when it was only seven, but at the instant they made the assertion, the little cabinet clock, that generally stood in the parlour below, struck the hour. He distinctly heard its tones, and turning to his servants said, "To deceive a dying man
" betrays a feature of the most unpardon-
" able cruelty. Leave my presence, and

“ desire the house-keeper and house-maid
 “ to come up stairs.” When they entered
 the room Dr. Wilmot informed them of
 the falsehood of his servants, whom he had
 discarded from his presence. He then de-
 sired that some pillows might be placed on
 the table, and laying his head down on them,
 fervently ejaculated—“ *Nothing but death*
 “ *shall conquer me.*” He would not retire
 to his bed until two in the morning. With
 much apparent infirmity he was undressed,
 and soon after fell into a gentle slumber.
 About six in the morning, he said to the
 house-keeper, “ I am going from you ; the
 “ world and its allurements are no more ;
 “ I shall soon be with my holy father in
 “ heaven ; do not grieve, I shall be at
 “ rest ; I leave this scene of mortality
 “ and woe, for eternal happiness.” He
 was very anxious to see Mr. Brain, who
 lived at Long Compton, about two miles
 distance. This gentleman arrived in time

to converse with him before he departed. The name of his niece, Olivia, was the last word he uttered; blessing her with his latest breath. He blessed also his brother and nephew, and at the hour of eleven, his benignant spirit ascended to its native skies.

FINIS.

THE WRITING OF DR WILLMOY.

Why did the sun put on mourning?
Why were the grass and flowers but for a funeral
And where to make a wise man had his tongue
B

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RYMER, SC

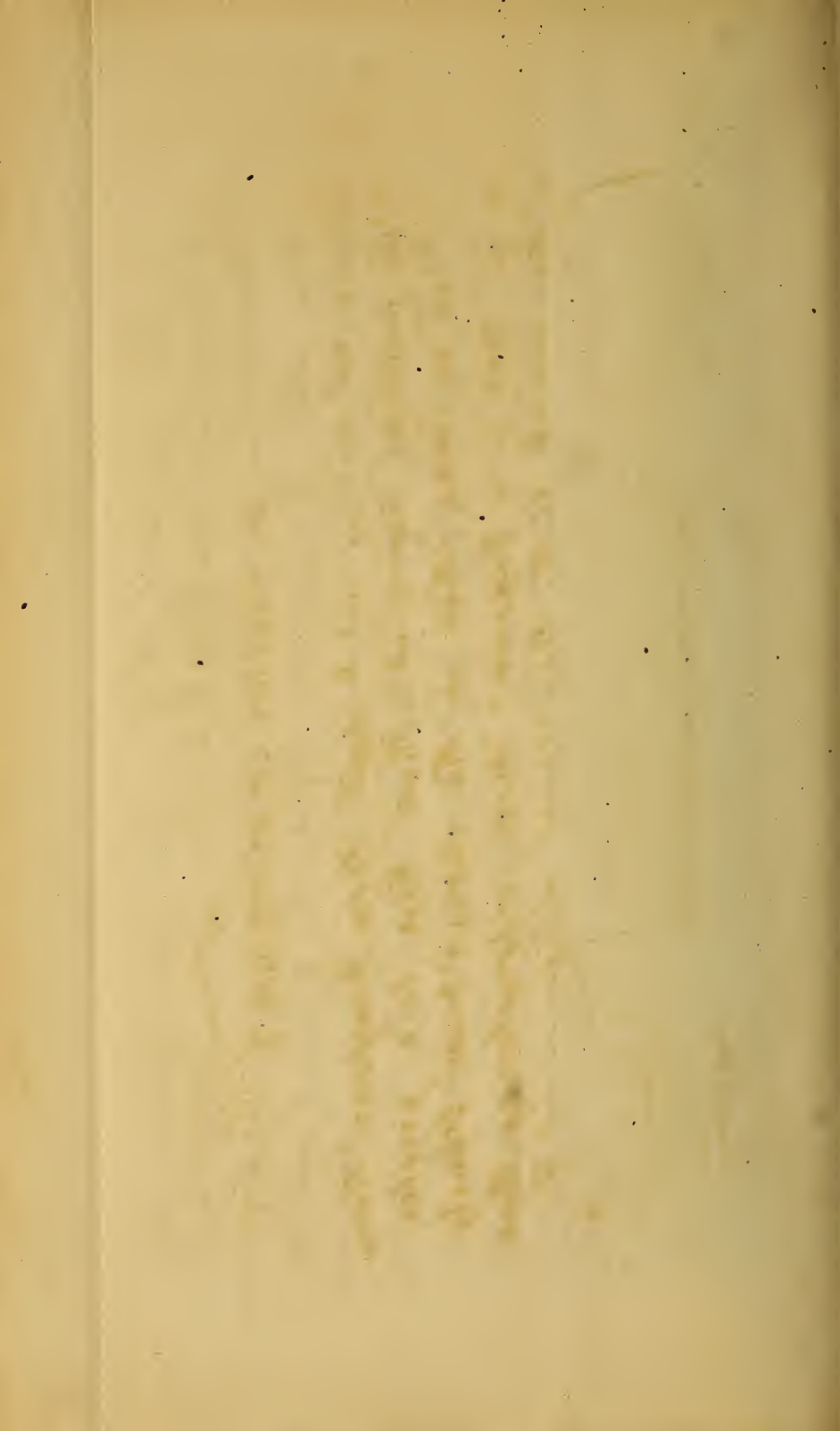
to converse with him before he departed. The name of his niece, Olivia, was the last word he uttered; blessing her with his latest breath. He blessed also his brother and nephew, and at the hour of eleven, his benignant spirit ascended to its native skies.

FINIS.

THE WRITING OF DR WILLIAMS.

Why did the Sun put on mourning?
Why were the Graves opened but for a Funeral
? Why did the Earth quake? Why were
the rocks rent? Why did the frame of
Nature shake, but because the God of
Nature died? A

We may speak ill of a man, after we have gained
a competent knowledge & formed a right Judgment of his
Character — provided we think it necessary to select
him either because we think the public's good re-
quires it, or least any particular Person whose good
we have at heart should be infected by his company
or overruled by his cunning. But when, as one
expresses it, there are no reasons to make a good
man speak out, there are always reasons of
Prudence to make a wise man hold his tongue B



THE WRITING OF DR. WILLMOY.

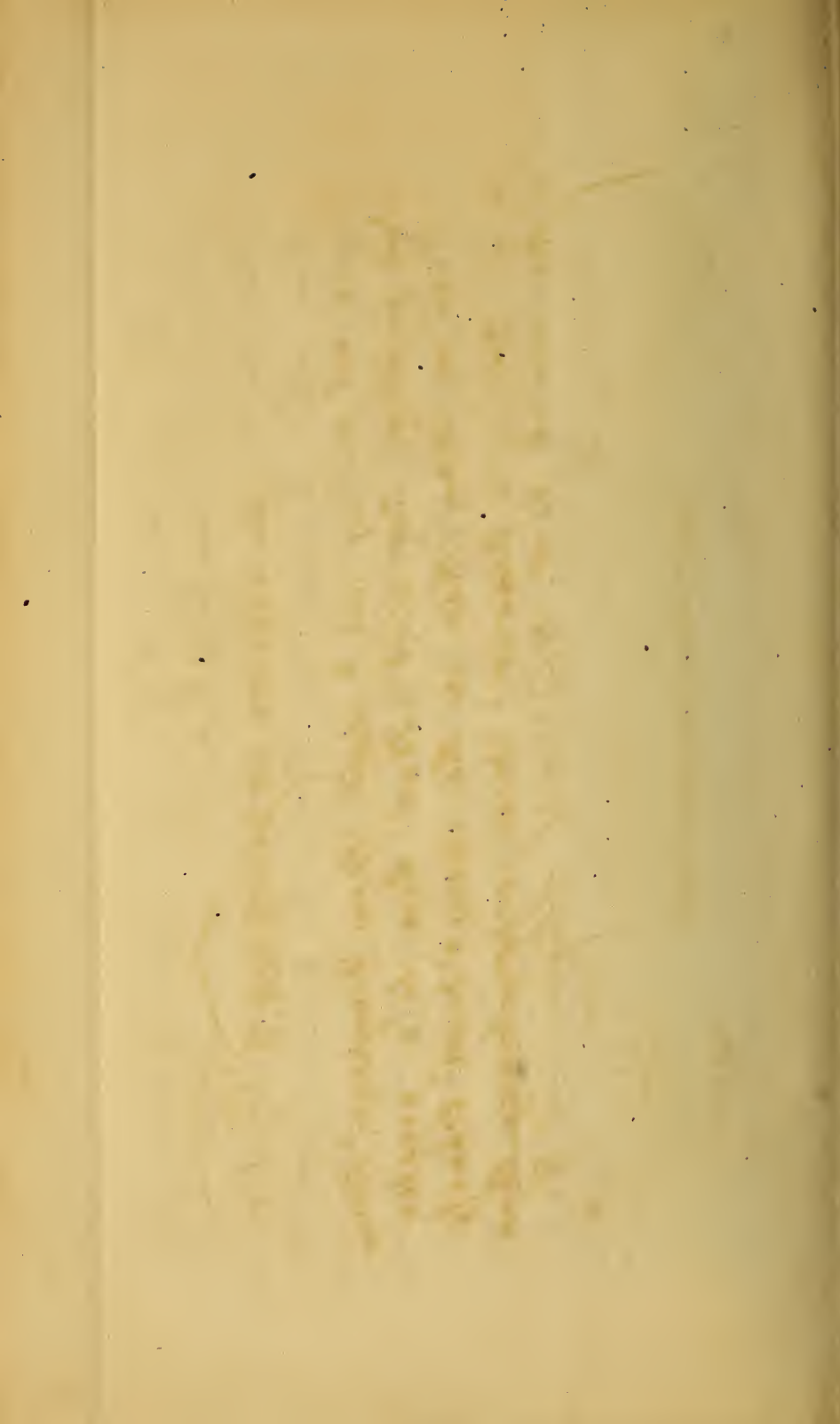
Do we not read of fire & hail, snow & vapour, stormy
wind fulfilling his word? Shall there be a greater
fold up in man than in the snow? more vanity
in us than in a vapour? more inconsistency than
in the wind? & the Universal who lives of the

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ROBERT SCOTT, 53, GREAT

WINDMILL, ST. MARTIN'S.

213



THE WRITING OF DR. WILNOT.

Do we not read of fire & hail, Snow & vapour, Stormy
Wind fulfilling his word? Shall there be a greater
Coldness in Man than in the Snow? more Vanity
in us than in a Vapour? more inconstancy than
in the Wind? If the Universal obedience of the
Creatures to the will of the Creator cannot move us
to the same affection & desire to serve & please
him, They will all conspire to testify against
us & condemn us when God shall call unto them,
saying, Hear O Heavens, & give ear, O Earth, for
the Lord hath spoken: I have nourished & brought
up Philistia, & they have rebelled against me.

mercy of the Gro
of your private
uniformation of your publick
is an answer to them all.

Wm. Wilnot
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S

1845

1845

1845

1845

1845

THE WRITING OF DR WILLIAMS,

{ ~~Handwritten musical notation on a staff~~
 to C: G:
~~Handwritten musical notation on a staff~~ March 17th

cc

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~~Handwritten musical notation on a staff~~
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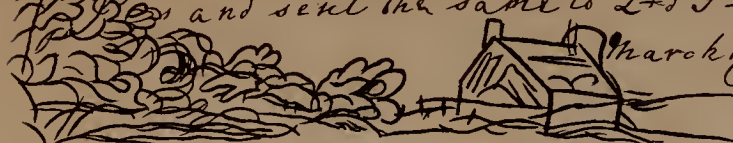
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THE WRITING OF DR WILLIOT.

~~Dr's 5th letter~~
 to C. F.
~~March 17th~~

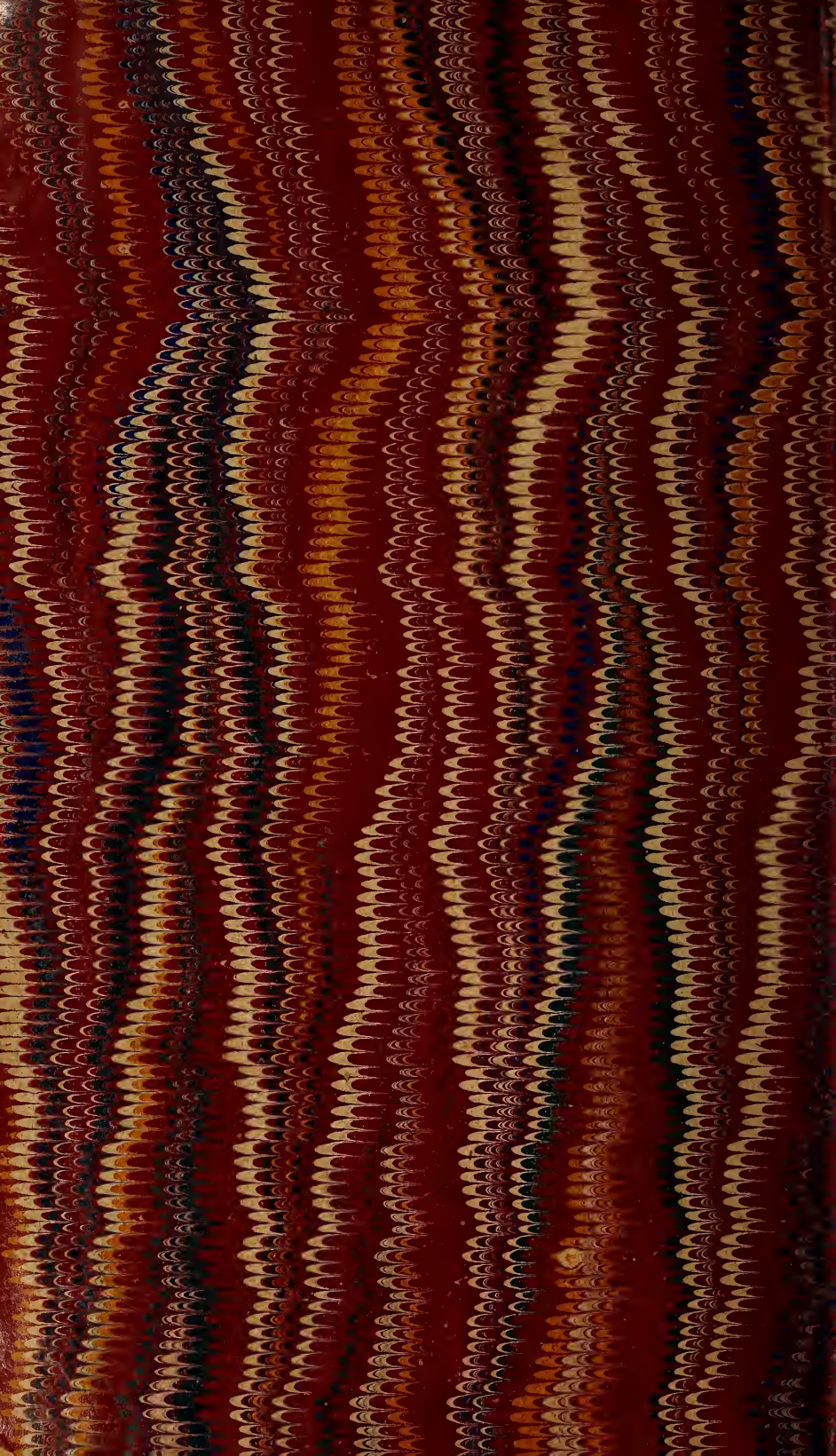
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~~March 17th~~

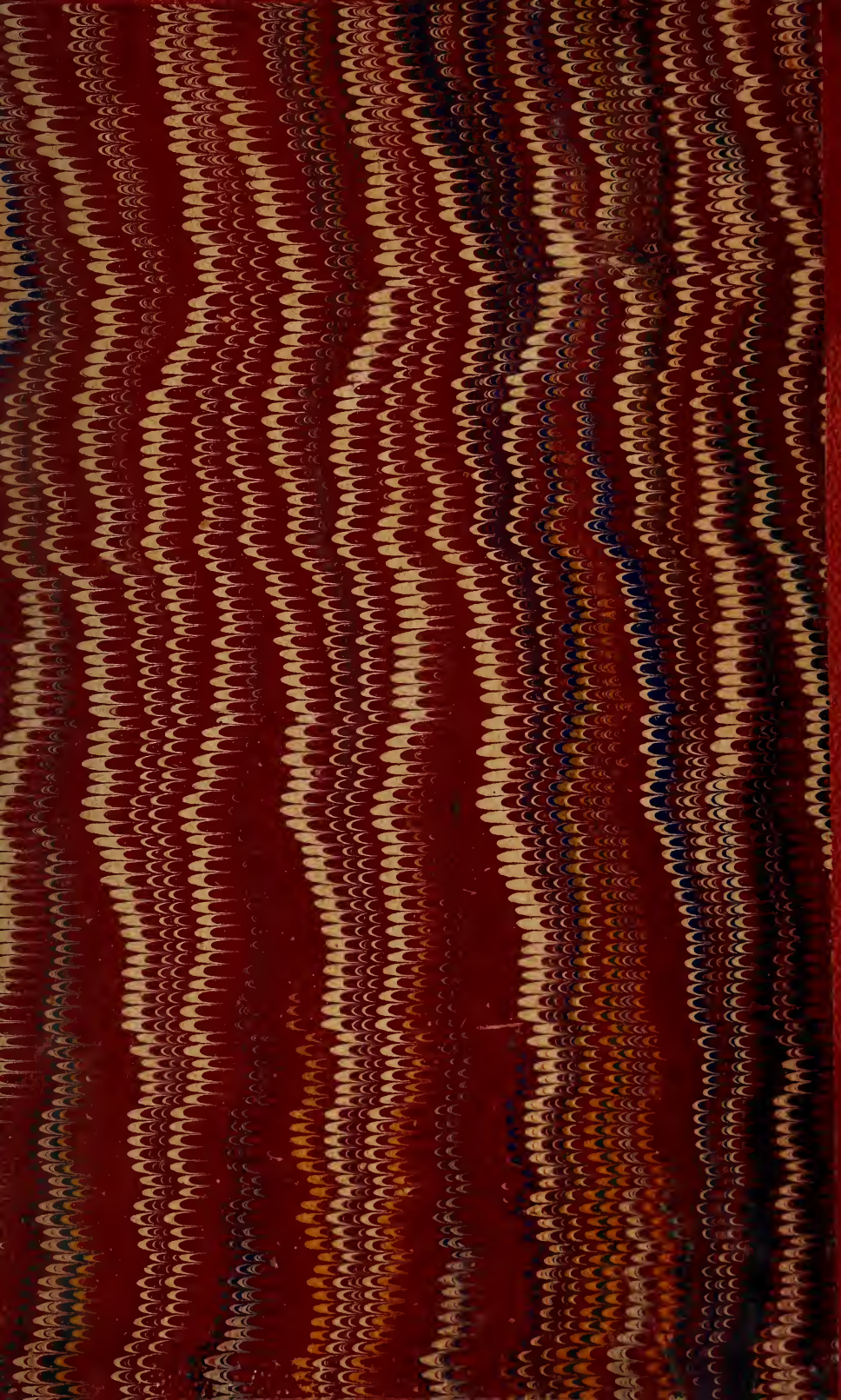
~~March 17th completed~~ my last letter of Ju-
 nes and sent the same to Ld S - n. W.
 March 17th 67.



~~March 17th completed~~

~~March 17th~~





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